THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
Copyright, 1934, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.
Sunday, Sept. 30, 1934

# "Signs of the Times"— A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive

Copyright, 1934, by The American Weekly.

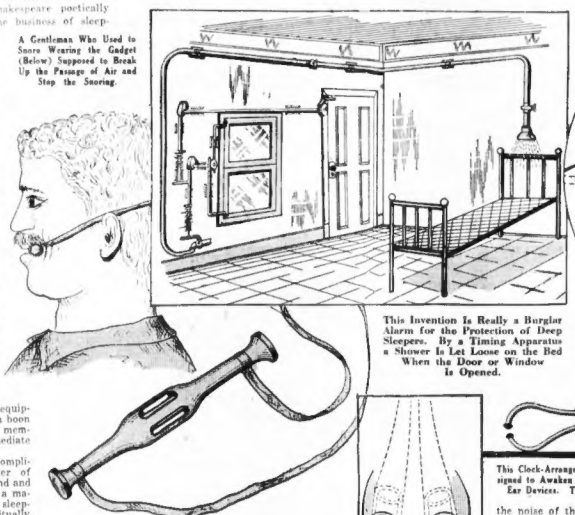
Copies of This Colorful Picture on Heavy, Glossy Paper—Suitable for Framing—Are Available. See Details on Next Page

# Inventive Genius Points Way for Contented Sleepers

KNITTING up the raveled sleeve of care, as Shakespeare poetically described the business of sleeping, can be, and is, overdone, so much so that more inventors than you could shake a patent paper at have devised all sorts of apparatus to promote sound slumber and to awaken sleepers when the time comes to be up and doing. All the sketches on this page were taken from actual patent papers on file in Uncle Sam's Patent Office.

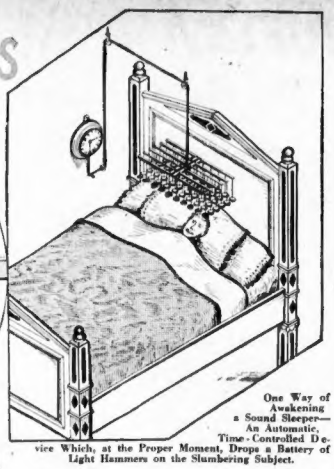
Two of the gadgets — one of them a mouthpiece built on the order of a horse's bit and the other a nose-plug to hold the nostrils open — are anti-snoring equipment offered as a boon to wearers and members of their immediate families.

Much more complicated than either of these aids to sound and silent slumber is a machine to arouse sleepers who habitually ignore the ringing of alarm clocks. The device, as the sketch shows, is a rack fitted with no less than 60 little hammers of light wood, or cork. At night the rack is suspended over the owner's head and in the morning, when the clock registers the rising time, the whole contraption is precipitately dropped, making further browsing in the Land of Nod impossible.



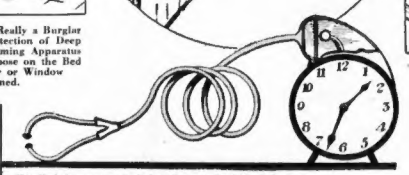
A Gentleman Who Used to Snore Wearing the Gadget (Below) Supposed to Break Up the Passage of Air and Stop the Snoring.

This Invention Is Really a Burglar Alarm for the Protection of Deep Sleepers. By a Timing Apparatus a Shower Is Let Loose on the Bed When the Door or Window Is Opened.



One Way of Awakening a Sound Sleeper—An Automatic, Time-Controlled Device Which, at the Proper Moment, Drops a Battery of Light Hammers on the Slumbering Subject.

Another Anti-Snore Invention Is This Modest Pair of Pipes, Fitted in the Nose to Keep the Nasal Passages Open.



This Clock-Arrangement Applied as Shown in the Circle Is Designed to Awaken Only One Occupant of the Bed, Who Wears Ear Devices. The Alarm Is Audible Only to the Wearer.

Another of the sketches shows an alarm clock connected to the would-be timely riser with a length of rubber tubing and a set of ear-phones. Thus is the noise of the alarm confined to the ears of the person who has to be up and about his business and spared the other occupant of the bed. This invention apparently was not intended to be of much benefit to fitful sleepers who, in their nocturnal twistings and turnings, might pull the plugs out of their ears or get fouled in the hose.

The other sketch shows a contraption that is not a "waker-upper," as such. It's a clever collection of plumber's odds and ends so assembled that, if a burglar jimmies open the chamber door or window, the sleeper is brought up "all standing" by a shower of cold water.

# The Man With the Steel Hands

Andrew A. Gawley, of Meaford, Ontario, Firing a Rifle With His Steel Hands.

Mr. Gawley With His Mechanical Hands, Which Replace Members Lost 32 Years Ago in a Sawmill Accident.

ANDREW A GAWLEY, of Meaford, Ontario, is Canada's outstanding example of the truth of the adage: You can't keep a good man down.

Thirty-two years ago, when he was a young man of 17, he lost both his forearms in a sawmill accident. Even before the stumps were healed, the boy and his blind father were at work on an ingenious pair of artificial arms and claw-like steel hands operated by the movements of the young man's shoulders.

Today Andrew Gawley can do about everything with his steel hands that other people can do with their hands, so skilful has he become with the talon-like fingers. He makes his living as a machinist and is a facile and skilful workman. He writes a neat and flowing hand and can handle a rifle with the most expert of the nimrods in his neighborhood.

# Fleas Shipped Overseas — On a Dog

WHEN the Yankee liner City of Flint steamed down Boston harbor a few weeks ago it boated (?) one passenger with 476 other passengers concealed in his coat.

The passenger in question was a terrier and the 476 other travelers going with him—and on him—were fleas consigned to the famous Circus Schumann in Copenhagen.

Needless to say the dog had a busy time of it on the voyage across the North Atlantic, and gave little thought to scratching up any new acquaintances aboard ship. But happier days were in store for him, for as soon as he arrived in Sweden, he was promptly and painstakingly relieved of his companions and given an antiseptic bath.

As for the fleas, they were transferred to small boxes filled with cotton and given into the care of the trainer who teaches insects of various kinds to go through incredible stunts for the amusement of paying patrons.

Every one of the fleas was subjected to examination through a powerful magnifiying glass, and the insects were divided into several classes, according to the judgment of the man whose job it is to make jugglers, tightrope walkers and weight lifters out of them. Twenty of the fleas succumbed on the trip over, victims of tooth and nail, and thirty others were too battered and maimed to lead useful lives in the amusement field.

Lilian Ellis, Vienna Dancer, Whose Countenance Will Enhance the Paper Money of the Republic of Spain. She Was Picked for the Honor in an International Competition.

# Her Face to Beautify Money

MADRID.

LILIAN ELLIS, one of Vienna's favorite dancers, has the satisfaction of knowing that, a few months from now, thousands of Spaniards will be carrying her picture around in their pockets. The Government will print the pictures and everyone in the republic will try to get as many of them as he can lay his hands on—because the Ellis profile is the principal decorative note on the country's new paper money.

The comely Viennese did not get this coveted distinction because she "knew the right people" among the Spanish political powers-that-be. She won the right to have her face on the nation's money in open competition with a score of other beauties from all over Europe.

The portrait, made by one of the ablest of Spanish engravers, will not, of course, be as informal and smiling as the picture of Miss Ellis shown on this page. It will be formal and idealized—but it will be Lilian to the life and reflect her exceptional feminine charm.

# School Days Like Daily Picnics in the African Jungle

THE Dark Continent may have its economic, social and educational drawbacks, but the ebony-faced, kinky-haired youngsters who live in the jungles of the French Congo are completely satisfied with the scheme of things as it is.

For them school is a sort of outdoor picnic at which they sit on the ground under the palm trees and listen to the "stories" that their teachers tell them. They do not have to line up in the morning or the afternoon and file into little red schoolhouses and, of course, they know nothing about sitting in hard wooden seats while the teacher tells them to get out this book or that book and study the text from page so-and-so to page so-and-so.

This does not mean, however, that school in the jungle is just a pleasant playtime out in the air and sunshine. The youngsters do have to learn things.

The French Government wants its youthful subjects to know something about their place in the world and what is going on beyond the dense jungle that surrounds their villages. The teachers' "stories" supply this information and are a pleasant and painless method of absorbing some of the facts of geography and history.

The Class of Young Africans, Photographed in the French Congo, Reassembled After a Recess. The Youngsters Are Not Troubled With Textbooks, but Take the Teacher's Word for Everything.

# Want the Picture on the Cover?

THE attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of The American Weekly is another in a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times."

Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette.

The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings since many readers often ask for reproductions of the colorful illustrations on the cover of this magazine.

Such requests must frequently be denied for reproductions are not always available.

It has been decided, however, to prepare handsome copies of the Clive paintings in the "Signs of the Times" series on heavy, glossy paper, suitable for framing.

Any reader desiring an unfolded copy of the Clive picture on the cover of this issue can get one by mailing 10 cents, with the coupon printed below, to the address specified on the coupon.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL AS DIRECTED.

**The American Weekly, Room 500, 148 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**

Enclosed is ten cents. Send me the reproduction of the Henry Clive painting on the front cover of the Sept. 30th issue of The American Weekly.

*Name*..... *Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....



© 1932 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Kitty Kresge, 5-and-10 Heiress, "Returns" Her Baron

## The Matrimonial "Jinx" Which Expensively Upset Two of Her Papa's Marriages and Broke Off Time After Time Her Sister Ruth's Many Romances, Strikes Again at "Pretty Kitty"

Sebastian S. Kresge, the 5-and-10-Cent-Store Multimillionaire, With Whom the "Jinx" Apparently Started.

The Princess Sidri, Formerly Mrs. Kresge No. 2, Whom Mr. Kresge Alleged Wanted Him to Give Her $10,000,000 for a Baby—Not C. O. D., but in Advance.

Ruth Kresge, the Baroness' Sister, at a Fancy Dress Ball, and Not Looking at All Unhappy Over the Numerous Engagements the "Jinx" Broke Up.

The Baroness Wijk, Formerly Catherine ("Pretty Kitty") Kresge, Who Is Seeking a Divorce From Her Noble Husband, the Latest Victim of the "Jinx."

Miss Gladys Fish, Who Felt the "Jinx" and Figured in Mr. Kresge's Second Divorce.

The Baron Carl Carlsson Wijk, Who Is Being Returned as Unsatisfactory by the 5-and-10 Heiress.



Ralph Barton, the Well-Known Cartoonist, Who Committed Suicide Largely, It Is Said, Because of His Broken Engagement With Ruth Kresge.

THE matrimonial "jinx" still pursues the Kresge ten-cent-store family, advancing the high cost of loving-and-leaving to a figure that would be prohibitive for any less wealthy dynasty.

The latest victim is Baroness Wijk, formerly Catherine ("Pretty Kitty") Kresge who has asked the Detroit divorce courts to let her return the Baron Carl Carlsson Wijk to Sweden, the Riviera or wherever she got him. Why he was unsatisfactory is not known because the suit was suppressed. Only twenty years old when she took him, he surely could claim to be new, unshopworn goods, fresh out of stock. Considering what has been printed about the general run of nobles who have married American heiresses, the complaint could hardly be that he was "not as advertised."

Anyway, for some reason she wants to return him. At a ten-cent store, the customer can usually return an article, provided the "kick" sounds reasonable, but she must change it for another of the same kind or some other goods. The customer isn't supposed to get her money back.

Catherine can't do that either. She could easily help herself to another title, but she will get no "turn-in credit" on the one she has. However, the Baroness, unless she has mislaid it, has $5,000,000 of her father's money. This tidy sum is only part of the shower of golden plums that fell when Sebastian S. Kresge, founder of the chain of stores, was shaken down for his first divorce.

Perhaps Catherine would not take another title, even at a slaughter-sale bargain just now, because it is said she is interested in Rufus C. Caulkins, the ex-fiance of her sister Ruth, who also collected the same tidy sum in that golden shakedown. In, 1931, Ruth Kresge announced her engagement to Mr. Caulkins, former Princeton football star.

Remembering previous false starts by this heiress on the road to married happiness, some people did not take this too seriously. Ruth almost got to the altar with Edward A. Hunter, handsome socially-prominent Detroiter. Impressively expensive parties had been given, the bride-to-be had purchased a trousseau worthy of a queen, from Paris, New York and most everywhere but papa's own stores.

Plans for the wedding and honeymoon were all worked out, but just at the last moment Cupid rang up "NO SALE" on the cash register. Mr. Hunter and Miss Kresge fled to Europe but on separate boats. The reason is said to have been the series of new explosions from Mr. Kresge's second divorce and shakedown.

What Ruth does with all her trousseaus is not known, but it is said that she gets a new one every time Cupid buzzes around. It is told that she stocked up with an equally complete line to marry Erskine Gwynne, a highly eligible bachelor-about-town in Paris, but that also fell through. Still another lovely layout was assembled for the benefit of the late Ralph Barton, famous caricaturist. This was the one that was junked in favor of one for Mr. Caulkins. Barton took this so seriously that it is said to have been the reason he killed himself.

If Barton had not been so hasty, his chance was coming, an excellent one, to recapture Ruth on the rebound, after the Caulkins romance sank and before she fell in love with Henry Nugent Head, Irish sportsman and British army captain. This time either the "jinx" weakened or Ruth's determination to get some use out of one of her chests was irresistible, for she actually got to the altar. Possibly the captain took that "jinx" out to some private place and did what Irishmen are famous for doing to persons who won't listen to reason.

Anyhow they have remained married over a year. Meanwhile Caulkins, the rival Barton had feared, is out of that picture entirely and appears as leading man in the cast of sister Kitty's admirers. If, as and when the Baroness is no longer a Baroness will she become Mrs. Caulkins? Captain Head might be able to give Rufus valuable advice but perhaps he feels bashful about asking.

Mrs. Anna Harvey Kresge emerged from Sebastian S. Kresge's first divorce with the following profits—the magnificent Kresge family residence at No. 70 Boston Boulevard, Detroit, ten million dollars and custody of the five children. Each of their three daughters and two sons, including Ruth and "Pretty Kitty" (the future dissatisfied Baroness) picked up $5,000,000.

This staggering alimony was inflicted on the elderly S. S. Kresge not because he had been an unusually awful husband. In fact his wife's chief complaints were that the dime magnate had become morose, unsociable and gotten into the habit of leaving home for long periods to reside in hotels. The reason Mrs. Kresge received such a liberal "hand-out" was that she had earned it.

S. S. Kresge started out as a delivery boy for a grocer in Scranton, Pa. From this humble beginning he rose to become head of the great mercantile enterprise which bears his name and possessor of a fortune estimated at $200,000,000. Through his early years—first as a traveling salesman, and later as a struggling young merchant with big ideas—his chief lieutenant and helper was Mrs. Anna Harvey Kresge, the mother of his five children.

Mr. Kresge is considered one of the smartest men in the world and one of its best salesmen, but probably the smartest job he ever did was to persuade Anna to marry him instead of other young men who, at the time, had better salaries. When that somewhat shabby young man told her that same day he would be a millionaire, instead of thinking him a "nut" she saw that "it" was in him and married the future Crocsus.

But to have "it" in a husband and to get "it" out of him, are two different matters. When he came home worn out, instead of insisting that he must take her to a party the way Mrs. Jones' husband next door always did, she took hold of some of his hardest problems and tackled them with a fresh and keen mind, supplying, it is said, many of his most practical ideas. During this long upward struggle they often argued, but the two hard-headed, well-balanced persons had too much respect for each other's business judgment to quarrel and there was little time for it.

As the years passed and the poor delivery boy had amassed a fortune estimated at more than $200,000,000 while the girl who had taken a chance on him, had amassed five children, they also began to have leisure. The big problems of the business had long since been worked out and a trained staff of executives could handle the small ones. Mrs. Kresge had all the secretaries, governesses, tutors and housekeepers she could use. The result was that they talked less shop and babies but more art, literature and general culture. It was then that Mr. Kresge grew morose, unsociable and took to hotel life. There have been stories that she also began opening rival stores right beside some of her husband's best locations.

From that time forward, the history of the Kresge family has been told on the front pages of the newspapers in one startling incident after another. Little more than a year after his divorce, Kresge astonished his friends—and particularly the churches to which he had given huge sums—by marrying a pretty, thirty-year-old divorcee, Doris Mercer.

When the amazement of social circles had subsided to some extent, it was explained that the sixty-year-old merchant and his new wife had been drawn together by their common love for music. Doris Mercer, it appeared, had ambitions to be an opera star, and the millions that flowed from the "five-and-tens" over the nation, were to be placed at her disposal to realize her dream.

It made a beautiful story, and despite the disparity of ages the Kresge-Mercer match for a time appeared to be an ideal one. But in the big mansion at 70 Boston Boulevard, Anna Harvey Kresge, who knew her ex-husband better than anyone else, shook her head and smiled.

"A May and December romance!" she said. "It won't last. I'm amused, but I feel sorry for him. Watch what happens to him."

It happened soon and plenty. In 1926 Kresge and his second wife started on a prolonged legal battle of suits and counter-suits. At first Mrs. Kresge sought $7,000,000 which she claimed her husband had promised her and had failed to produce. This suit was followed by divorce suits filed by both parties. Private detectives hired by Mrs. Kresge dogged the footsteps of the millionaire. Operatives on his payroll sneaked around corners shadowing his wife. The courts of Michigan and New York became involved in a legal controversy as to which action was to take precedence—Kresge's suit in Detroit or Mrs. Kresge's divorce petition in New York.

Finally, Mrs. Kresge's lawyers forced an open trial of her suit in the courts of New York City. The resulting testimony was remarkable. Mrs. Kresge brought witnesses who testified that the dime-store king had maintained a "love-nest" in an apartment at 8 E. 48th Street, New York City. Private detectives declared they had trailed Kresge from church one Sunday morning and found him and a girl in the apartment together, the girl trying to hide under the bed. Both, according to the testimony, were scantily clad. Other young women, Mrs. Kresge charged, were entertained in the "love-nest" apartment on various occasions.

Mrs. Jennie Knapp, housekeeper of the apartment, told of Kresge going piously off to church Sunday mornings, leaving his girl friend sleeping impiously in the "nest." There was other evidence of the queer conflicts in the rich man's mind. He gave millions to the churches but instead of having his shoes repaired he stuffed them with religious tracts; to save wood for the fireplace, he burned rolled-up newspapers, and before allowing Mrs. Knapp to buy new soap, she said, he made her gather up all the odds and ends and squeeze them into one piece of usable size.

Mrs. Knapp further averred that Mr. Kresge, whose "love-nest" name was Jones, showed him two Valentine cards sent him by one of his girl admirers. One read, "I am not a gold-digger. I am digging for a good old true heart," while the other was inscribed, "I do not want a key to your apartment, I want a key to your heart."

An unkind detective, who testified against Mr. Kresge, declared he found a bottle of whiskey in the love-nest, although Mr. Kresge had given half a million dollars to the "noble experiment" cause of the Anti-Saloon League.

Mr. Kresge's answer was to relate how the second wife had taken him for a financial ride from the beginning. He claimed to have submitted to a long series of exactions until she demanded $10,000,000 for a baby, not C. O. D., but in advance. It would give a statistician a headache to figure how many dime sales would have to be rung up to make that much profit. Mr. Kresge said that he told her the price was a little high and the divorce scuffle began.

"How could anyone hope to sell an old man another child for ten million dollars, when he already had five?" was Doris' rather plausible answer. The court gave her the divorce and with it went a settlement estimated at between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. With this and other profits she went overseas and got herself a title.

She is now a Princess, wife of Prince Farid Khan Sidri of Persia, but she embraced only her Mohammedan husband, not his religion. The Prince, tall, dark, handsome and younger, is quite different from her last previous husband who, she complained, only wore one suit a year until she made him buy fourteen new ones, the same pair of pajamas several weeks and ironed out his collars with weights at night instead of changing them.

Prince Sidri is the great-grandson of the famous Grand Chancellor of Persia, called "the King Maker," whose wisdom was described in Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," published in 1815.

Meanwhile the "dime king" at 62, has taken a third strike at the matrimonial ball. His third "Queen" is Mrs. Clara K. Swaine, handsome divorcee, who figures her age at 35, and Mr. Kresge says he has reasons for believing that there won't be any "rumpus" this time. It is reported that a prenuptial settlement was made, covering dower rights and alimony, win, lose or draw.

Before the ceremony it is said that there was another little transaction between the groom and a Miss Gladys Adele Fish, former church worker, of Natick, Mass., who got her picture in the papers during the second divorce shakedown as one of the alleged "birds" of the Kresge "love-nest."

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Why the Duchess Was Ordered to Leave the Country

The Duchess d'Asello, Who Has Been Ordered Out of Budapest by the Police After a Spending Orgy That Placed Her Under Suspicion of the Counter-Espionage Forces.

The Duchess as a Peasant Girl, Wearing the Finery Peculiar to Her Class. It Was Because of Her Low Birth That Her Love Affairs Led Her Into a Career of Adventure.

"For days," Said the Duchess, Relating Her Strange and Incredible Adventures to the Budapest Police, "they kept me imprisoned in a cellar, and then, one cold Winter's night, they bound me hand and foot and tossed me into the icy waters of the Danube."

The Duchess as a War Nurse.

BUDAPEST.

HUNGARY isn't the country it was before the World War and its officials haven't the deference and respect they once had for titles—even when those titles belong to good-looking and free-spending young women like the Duchess d'Ayello.

It was only a few weeks ago that the Duchess—who, incidentally had been a Countess before her marriage to the Italian Duke d'Ayello—was taken into custody at her suite in the exclusive Hotel Astoria and, after a few hours' questioning, sent on her way beyond the Hungarian frontier. The officials didn't care where she went, so long as she made herself scarce.

Some of the noblewoman's Hungarian friends, on whom she had spent some $12,000 in three months of gay and hilarious night-clubbing along the banks of the Blue Danube, wept crocodile tears when she was put aboard a train in the custody of two officials of the Foreigners Control Department, and predicted that such high-handed discourtesy would lead to an international incident. But so far not one diplomatic note has been sent in protest at her rather unceremonious ousting.

When the police first detained the Duchess it was rumored about the city that the visitor was a spy and no duchess at all, but an adventuress named Marie Bognar, wanted in Hungary and certain other European countries for espionage. Other stories made her out a clever swindler who lived by defrauding wealthy and influential acquaintances, more especially men.

This theory of the woman's identity is said to have particularly interested the police who were aware that the Countess was spending thousands of dollars every week in the city's night clubs and cabarets and that she was making scores of friends on the fringe of the capital's fashionable set.

The cleverest officials of the police department closeted themselves with the Duchess for the better part of a day, but they couldn't prove that she was a spy or a swindler. They did know that they didn't like the way that she was carrying on in Budapest, that she was flat broke and couldn't pay her hotel bill. So they dismissed the spy and swindle theories and listed her as an undesirable alien.

The Duchess produced newspaper clippings to prove that she was married to the Duke d'Ayello and that a divorce action is now pending. She proved beyond a doubt that at the close of the World War she became the bride of Count Mailath, a Hungarian army officer, and that she had once masqueraded as a man to enlist in the same regiment and be with him at the front. The Count's family had found a way to break up his marriage to a commoner.

Perhaps the most incredible part of the Duchess's story was an account of the manner in which she was spirited out of Czechoslovakia, where she had lived with the Count, across the Danube into Hungary.

"Soon after I landed in Hungary," the Duchess related, "I was captured by a gang of thugs that I at first thought were political terrorists. For days they kept me in a cellar and then, one cold Winter's night, they bound me hand and foot and tossed me into the icy waters. By some miracle I unloosed my bonds and made my way to shore through the floating ice."

Then, said the Countess, she rushed to the American consul who, oddly enough, had $300,000 all waiting for her—sent from her father in America. He had, it seemed, given up farming for bootlegging and struck it rich. The consul had looked just everywhere for her to tell her the good news.

The police listened, lifted their brows, asked the Countess if she had any of it left and when she said "no" they bade her a courteous but firm goodbye.

# "Thirteen in a Bed? Well,—

# —We're Not Superstitious"

THE owner of the baker's dozen of blue-blooded Samoyed dogs shown in the photograph probably would hesitate to sit down at a table with 12 other people. But the superstition that 13 is an unlucky number does not concern these thoroughbreds, which are the pride of a kennel on the outskirts of London. At the moment they are mainly interested in playing and, between romps, getting enough to eat.

The larger dog taking care of them is not their mother. In fact they are not all members of the same family. The caretaker is their aunt and they are the youngsters of two of her sisters. When the mothers were put on the sick list the owner of the establishment entrusted them to their aunt, who hasn't yet raised a family of her own.

"Oh, yes, they are indeed a care," Aunty Dog Seems to Be Saying. "But I really enjoy every minute of it." A Prize Collection of Twelve Samoyeds, With Their Maiden Aunt, Who Is Raising Them, Because Their Mothers Are Ill in a London Kennel.

It almost seemed that the dog understood the responsibility of her assignment and that her charges probably will bring upwards of $3,000 when they are sold to British admirers of the breed.

The ancestors of these white and fluffy pups lived on the windswept steppes of Siberia where they herded reindeer and pulled sledges just as the huskies of Labrador and Alaska do on the North American Continent. They were raised by the Samoyed tribesmen and that is where they got their odd name.

Within the past few years the Samoyeds have been gaining in popularity in the British Isles and on the European Continent. Like Airedales and Scotties they are "one-man dogs" and have little use for anyone but their masters and mistresses. They are gentle and obedient but make excellent watch dogs. It is supposed that somewhere in the Samoyed family tree there is more than a few drops of wolf blood.

# She Could Write a Book About Being Held Up in Banks

Cyril Paquette, the Youthful Smoker, Enjoying a Few Puffs With Ha 71-Year-Old Chum, Xavier Savard, Who Is Said to Have Given the Lad His First Cigarette.

HUNDREDS of people have, in the past few years, witnessed the ruthless and high-handed behavior of gangsters. They have been stood up against walls while thugs snatched payrolls and cleaned out the vaults of banks and have peered timorously from windows and doorways while curloads of public enemies sprayed lead from submachine guns and sawed-off shotguns at other of their unhealthy ilk.

But to Miss Leona Staf, an employe of the Citizen's National Bank, of Wilshire, California, goes the uncomfortable distinction of having seen with her own eyes no less than seven bank robberies during the past few years. She could, if she wanted to turn her mind and hand to the job, write quite a book on the technique of bank robbing. An account of her personal reactions during the series of hold-ups would make exciting and interesting reading, too, but she does not aspire to authorship, nor to further experience with gangsters, although she admits that by the time she had gone through her seventh bank robbery she was getting inured to such situations and had sufficient aplomb to observe something of what was going on.

"The last time that I was in at an attempted bank looting," says Miss Staf, "the job was tried by a lone bandit. The fellow was killed by one of the guards before he could get his hands on any of the money. But he created plenty of excitement before he dropped, and he did plenty of shooting."

The veteran of seven bank robberies has seen the thugs work singly, in pairs and a half dozen at a time. Sometimes they got what they came for and on one or two occasions they were forced to flee empty handed. Miss Staf holds no romantic notions about robbers. In her mind they are a bad lot that deserve to be shot down or locked up. But she has learned from first-hand experience that, except in rare cases, the men who set out to relieve a bank of its cash, take their work so seriously that it is folly to hesitate when they give the order to "stick 'em up."

"Most bank robbers," says Miss Staf, "are desperate and hard-boiled men and they are quick on the trigger if they think that shooting is necessary to the success of their undertaking. Most of them are surprisingly calm, too, and go about their work coolly—and sometimes they treat the people they herd against the wall with consideration and courtesy, although I must say that they are firm and demand immediate obedience.

"Now and then, though, you'll find a bank robber who is nervous and excitable—probably because he is not an experienced hand. This type of lawbreaker is more dangerous than the calm ones because his jumpiness is likely to get down into the trigger finger and start him shooting when there is no need for it."

Miss Leona Staf, of Wilshire, California, Who Has Been Present and Witnessed Seven Hold-ups in the Bank Where She Is Employed.

ACME PHOTO

# Only Five, He Smokes Pipe and Cigars

THE good people of Sudbury, Ontario, still believe that it is much better for boys to shun the "weed" until they have grown up. But most of them will admit that five-year-old Cyril Paquette, who has been smoking since he was a baby of two, seems to disprove the statements in the physiology books that tobacco stunts physical and mental growth. The lad, they say, probably is the exception that proves the rule and although they are used to seeing him puffing on a big, black cigar, or a pipe, while he is playing with their youngsters, they admonish their own boys not to do likewise.

Cyril is big and sturdy for his age and so far as anyone can see he is as healthy as his non-smoking friends. He can run and jump with the best of them and, as he says, his "wind" is good, despite his addiction to tobacco.

The youthful user of tobacco never dabbled with the usual substitutes for tobacco that boys are wont to try in imitation of their elders. He smoked no dried leaves or corn silk, but started right out on cigarettes. Since then he has added cigars and a pipe to his smoking diet.

Just how he started is not entirely clear to him—for he was barely able to walk and taig when he acquired the habit—but the blame, or the credit, is laid at the door of 71-year-old Xavier Savard, who lives next door and who admits that when Cyril was a baby he gave him a puff on a cigarette "just for fun."

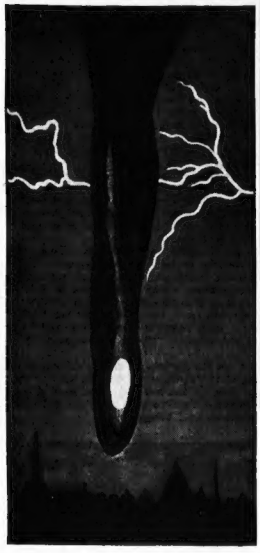
"I don't think it's true that I introduced the lad to tobacco, said Mr. Savard. "I did give him a puff or two on a cigarette when he was toddling around in dresses just to see what the young guffer would do. But he took to it like a duck to water and, if I'm any judge, already knew how to smoke and enjoy it."

At first Cyril's mother was worried about her son's seemingly natural liking for tobacco but when she saw that an occasional puff on a cigarette, or a cigar, gave him so much satisfaction she decided not to deny him the storied delights of the "weed," although none of the youngster's seven brothers and sisters, all older than he, have any desire to smoke.

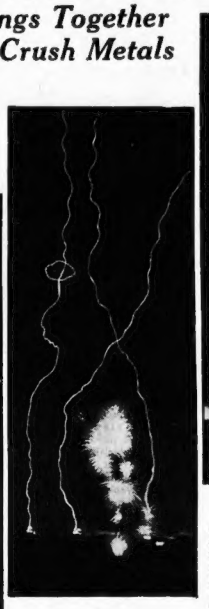
© 1931 by Audience Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Remarkable New Discoveries About Lightning

## *Not Only Strikes Twice in the Same Place, but Bounces Up and Down and May Pull Things Together So Tightly as to Crush Metals or Blow Them Apart Like an Explosion*

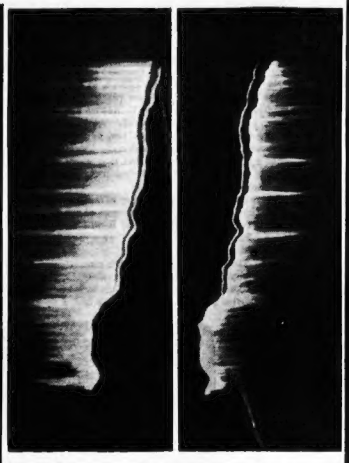


**A Luminous Ball at the Tip of a Descending Tornado Cloud, While Branched Lightning Flashes Between Two Clouds Higher in the Air.**



**Scientists Until Professor Jensen Succeeded in Photographing It.**

**Another Rare Kind of Lightning, Shown Both Above and at the Left, in Which What Seem to Be Lightning Balls Drift Through the Air, Fall From the Clouds, or Perhaps Rise From the Ground—a Kind of Lightning Long Doubted by**



**Two Lightning Photographs, by the Boys High Speed Camera; One to Left, the Other to Right. The Thin Line of Light Is the "Leader," Separated From the Main Flash by a Narrow Dark Space.**

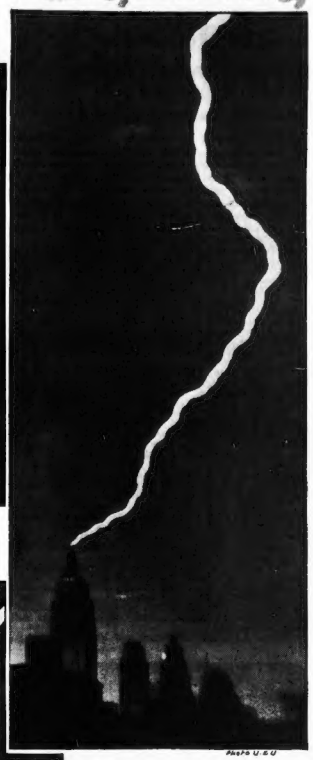
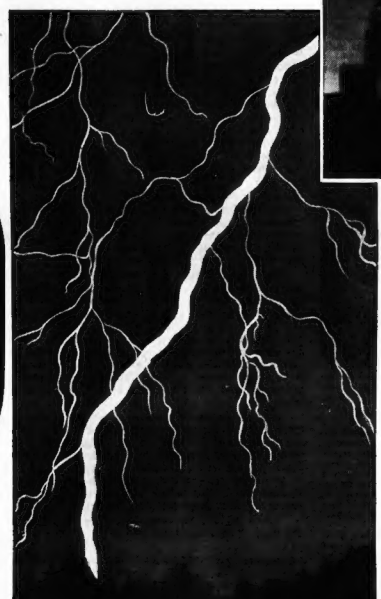


Photo U. & U.

**What Seems to Be a Broad Stream of Lightning Striking the Top of the Empire State Building in New York City, but the High-Speed Scientific Camera of Dr. Boys Would Disclose at Least Several Separate Strokes, Following Each Other Along Slightly Different Paths, and Each With Its Small and Relatively Dim "Leader" to Start Each Stroke.**

**A Kind of Substitute for Lightning—the Famous Saint Elmo's Fire, Often Seen on Ships at Sea in Thunderstorm Weather. What Seem to Be Small Flames Escaping From the Spars or Other Pointed Objects, Really Are Gradual Discharges of Electricity, Which Might Create Lightning If Allowed to Accumulate.**



**Many-Branched Lightning Strokes Photographed From the Top of Mount Wilson, in California.**

ANCIENT peoples used to believe that lightning was a hammer of Thor or a bolt from Jove or some other fiery but material object hurled to earth by similar gods in the skies, but modern scientists cannot laugh much at these absurd ideas for it turns out that science has been just as completely wrong about many of the real properties of lightning as were the ancient simpletons who went around after a storm looking for fragments of the thunderbolts. The very latest researches on lightning are exploding one by one not only many popular beliefs but many scientific ones as well.

That lightning never strikes twice in the same place is proverbial—but wrong. What is still more surprising, a lightning flash turns out not to be a single bolt but to be much more like a boomerang. One flash has been photographed bouncing back and forth between the clouds and the earth no less than ten times within a fraction of a second.

The thing that starts a lightning flash and determines where it will strike is not the bright stroke of the lightning itself but a dim, small and almost invisible dart or arrow of electric particles. The great, bright flash comes later. The traditional "bolt from the blue" or lightning from a cloudless sky, commoner in fact than it is in the proverbs, probably is this kind of an almost invisible dart with most of the subsequent flashes missing.

In ancient times lightning flashes always were drawn by artists with their branches pointing downward, probably a result of the idea that Jove was hurling thunderbolts from the same spot in the heavens, or perhaps that Jove's side partner, Neptune, was poking down at the earth the fiery, three-pointed spear or trident supposed to be both the symbol and the weapon of this imagined ruler of the seas. For decades modern scientists battled among themselves about whether lightning flashes really fork downward toward the earth or upward toward the skies. Only within the last few months it has been proved, by uncontestable evidence of photography, that some lightning forks upward and some forks downward. Everybody turns out to be right and at the same time everybody is wrong.

For years there has been a mystery about why people or inanimate objects hit by lightning are likely to be knocked about as though an explosion had gone off in the midst of them. Recently a new explanation has been offered for this, as caused by what is really an electric explosion. At the same time it has been proved that large electric discharges do not always scatter things. On the contrary, they may draw things together with forces of thousands of tons, and so tightly that two round wires may be flattened or square ones drawn into themselves so that their shapes come to be round.

Another proverbial expression is "quick as a flash" or "quick as lightning." Yet it has been proved that a lightning flash really is slower than many other things which science knows about and understands; much slower, for example, than the speed of a flash of light or of a radio wave.

Most of the new facts about lightning have been learned within the past two years by a device which a distinguished British scientist made for himself in 1900 and carried around the world to different laboratories and on exploring expeditions for twenty-eight years before he got his first chance to use it. The scientist was Professor C. V. Boys, of London, and the device which he invented is a special camera in which a strip of sensitive film is rotated very rapidly behind one or more lenses, so that a series of photographs can be taken one after another with extreme rapidity.

For the first twenty-eight years that he had this camera Professor Boys never happened to meet a suitable thunderstorm when the camera was in working order and a suitable window or other spot was available to set it up. Finally, five years ago, he got one photograph during a visit to the United States. A year later another camera built on similar design was constructed by Dr. B. F. J. Schonland and his associates in South Africa, where violent thunderstorms are especially common. It was with this South African camera that the first speed photographs of lightning were made, yielding the first definite information about just how fast something must be to be as quick as lightning.

While Professor Boys was in the United States a few years ago a new and improved camera built on his design was constructed by Dr. A. P. Loomis, stock broker and amateur scientist of Tuxedo Park, New York. This year, this camera was loaned to engineers of the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where that company maintains its "artificial lightning" laboratories used to test the effects of real lightning on electric transmission lines, insulators and other apparatus. In June of this year a fortunate thunderstorm enabled the engineers in charge of this laboratory to get with Dr. Loomis' camera a new series of speed photographs of lightning, providing further information about the speeds of the flashes, their directions and their boomerang character.

In Dr. Schonland's measurements in South Africa the average speed of the main flash of a single lightning stroke turned out to be nearly 29,000 miles a second, still only about one-sixth of the speed of light. In this year's tests by the General Electric engineers at Pittsfield, the corresponding speeds, measured by the slight displacement of the flash images on the fast-moving film in the camera, were between 13,000 and 35,000 miles a second; apparently a little less than the flashes measured in South Africa.

Similarly with the leading dart or arrow of electricity which starts off the main lightning flash, the South African figures give this "leader" of the procession an average speed of about 5,000 miles a second, while the Pittsfield tests show the leader speeds to have varied between 2,600 miles a second and 7,200 miles a second. Whether South African lightning really is a little faster than North American lightning, or whether the difference between the averages of the present measurements is due to some slight difference in the two cameras used or is merely accidental, no one yet knows.

Both in South Africa and in Pittsfield, the camera photographs show clearly how the flash may bounce back again and again between the clouds and the earth. Each bounce is double; consisting of the mysterious leader and the main flash which follows it a few millionths of a second later.

Just how and why these electric darts shoot through the air as a lightning flash begins is still uncertain. Probably they are caused by accumulations of electric particles on some one part of a cloud, condensed at that spot by mutual repulsion of electric particles inside the cloud or by attraction from electric particles of the opposite kind which are collecting at the same time on the earth beneath. Presently, a group of these accumulated particles jumps through the air like an electric bullet. This opens a kind of electrified path through which the ordinary spark then finds it easier to pass. Like the first hardy guides on snowshoes who break a road out of some snowbound camp in Winter, the electric darts open an easier road for the more powerful and more brilliant flashes which follow.

There seems to be no reason why the bright flash which follows the much dimmer original dart always should consist of more than a single electric discharge, either from the cloud to the earth or in the reverse direction. Apparently, however, it usually happens that the flash which rushes up or down the path opened by the dart carries more electricity than it should, just as a clock pendulum pulled to one side and let go instantly swings too far to the other side and then must swing back and forth several times before it can come to rest at the middle position.

This is what causes the boomerang effect. If the first dart moves from the cloud to the earth, as was found to be the rule in the tests at Pittsfield, and if the first brighter flash which follows this opened path moves upward from the earth to the cloud, the immediate result seems to be that the amount of electricity moved upward is too great to be neutralized by the cloud's electric forces. If there was too little electricity in the cloud before the flash, there is too much electricity immediately after the flash. Accordingly, another flash immediately occurs from the cloud downward to the ground, over about the same path as before.

This second flash again may carry too much electricity, so that the balance once more swings too far. A third, upward, flash then occurs, and so on for the whole series of ten back and forth flashes which is the maximum number that the photographs have recorded.

In any event, another distinguished American student of lightning, Professor J. C. Jensen of Nebraska Wesleyan University, has proved by other series of lightning photographs that a flash may occur either when the cloud is charged with negative electricity and the ground with positive electricity, or when the initial charges are in the reverse direction.

Certainly there can be no truth in the traditional idea that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Instead, it seems almost always to strike at least several times in the same place and in extremely quick succession, with intervals of something like a two-thousandth part of a second between the repeated strokes. The reason why these repeated strokes are not seen is merely that they are too fast for the eye, in exactly the same way that the repeated individual pictures of a motion picture blend in the eye into the illusion of continuous motion.

Since the successive flashes of lightning along the same path usually follow each other at time intervals still shorter than this, all of them blend in the eye into what seems to be a single stroke. Only some high-speed instrument such as Dr. Boys' camera can disentangle them so that they can be measured separately.

However this may be, one effect of any lightning flash is to charge objects at the ground end of the flash with an enormous charge of electricity, probably sometimes negative and sometimes positive. In either case, the fact that electric particles of the same kind violently repel each other has been suggested recently by two English scientists, Dr. Macdonald Critchley and Dr. E. A. B. Pritchard, as the explanation both of mysterious changes which lightning often causes in the nervous systems of people who are struck and of the fact that groups of people or other loose objects close to where lightning strikes may be scattered as though by an explosion.

Examined under a microscope, the damaged nerve tissue of a lightning victim often seems to have been torn apart into shreds, as though something had blown up inside them. The suggestion is that both the exploded nerves and the loose objects at the lower end of a flash are charged so highly with one kind of electricity that they repel each other and fly apart, just as magnetic poles of the same kind would do by violent magnetic repulsion. Perhaps this also explains the fact that clothing, shoes and so on of lightning victims often seem to have been blown off them violently as though an explosion had occurred between the clothing and the skin.

Another series of recent tests at the General Electric's Pittsfield laboratories has proved, however, that intense electric currents can cause violent attractions as well as violent repulsions. Mr. K. B. McEachron of the laboratories recently reported how electric currents amounting to more than 250,000 amperes were made to flow for an instant through small wires, through metal objects such as a teaspoon and so on. This many amperes means about as much current as would flow through the filaments of a half-million ordinary electric lamps. Iron wires subjected to this current exploded instantly into vapor. The teaspoon blew up similarly and other equally spectacular results may be produced.

One of these is to take two round copper wires laid side by side and flatten them both in an instant by the enormous forces which tend to drive them together as the current flows through them. But this is an effect of electric current, meaning the actual flow of electricity through the wires. The opposite effect of repulsion is caused by the electric voltage, which is by no means the same as current but corresponds instead to what might be called electric pressure. Both the repulsion which scatters inside a human body the fibers of the nerves along which the lightning passes and the attraction strong enough to flatten the adjoining sides of a pair of copper wires, are entirely in accord with the laws of electricity as science has learned them.

Lightning seems able to do almost anything, including effects which seem in exact contradiction to each other. It is no wonder that so many things which lightning does do seemed inexplicable until Dr. Boys' new camera came into use.

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Noblemen Ask Justice For Goldfish

PEOPLE harassed by intruders, or forced to endure distasteful stares of idle curiosity, often give vent to their irritation by complaining that under the circumstances in which they live or work they have "no more privacy than a goldfish." With nothing to do the whole day through except swim around in circles, goldfish are not generally supposed to suffer from their lack of privacy. They are not commonly credited with having any sensibilities or any emotional life—to speak of.

With wholesome, carefree personal habits that do not provoke inhibitions or subject them to nervous strain, with no need of modesty since they have nothing to hide, with few wants and scarcely any necessity for diversion—why should goldfish have any reason for yearning to get away from it all, or feel that public existence in a bowl full of water is odious?

But maybe they do—after all. At any rate, in an effort to prove that they do, Sir Hesketh Bell took his pen in hand the other day at the Conservative Club and wrote with considerable feeling on this subject to the editor of the London "Times."

"Sir," he said, "The hospitality which you so frequently give to communications concerning the welfare of animals induces me to hope that you will allow me to appeal, in your columns, for help for the humble goldfish.

"Several of your correspondents have recently written about the food and general care of goldfish, but I have, so far, read nothing drawing attention to the great cruelty of keeping those lovely creatures closely confined in small glass bowls. Most people seem to think that fish have very dull feelings and that cruelties may complacently be practiced upon them which would arouse great indignation if perpetrated on animals or birds. What sound foundation is there for such an assumption?

"Far from being lethargic and insensible creatures, goldfish, when kept under conditions which approximate perfect freedom, show that activity and a manifest 'joie de vivre' are their main characteristics. Goldfish, in a state of comparative liberty, often show a remarkable degree of intelligence and power of observation.

"Out of a dozen that ornamented the spacious basin of a fountain in the lovely gardens of Government House, Mauritius, in my time, two speedily distinguished themselves by behaving almost as pet animals would. After a few weeks of being fed by me, personally and regularly, these two flashing bits of scarlet and gold became well-known 'characters.'

"Under the names of Simon and Peter many of my visitors will still remember them. When I approached the fountain these two little fish would evidently recognize me, and separating themselves from their group, would come to the edge of the basin to meet me. They would nibble my fingers and play with my hand and many times did they even suffer me to lift them gently out of the water.

Goldfish Often Die After Being Confined in Spherical Bowls, Scientists Agree, Because the Surface of Water Is Insufficient to Permit Absorption of Enough Oxygen. Square Tanks Are More Satisfactory.

"They played almost as a puppy or kitten would. It was only to me that they behaved in that way, and there could be no doubt that those two goldfish knew me personally and had some sort of affection for me.

"I venture to submit that to confine such fish in a bowl of water, often exposed for hours to the full glare of the sun, and in a vessel so small that the unfortunate captive is only capable of moving round and round in his prison, in monotonous motion, can be nothing but torture to the unfortunate fish, and is just as cruel as it is to incarcerate a bird in a miserable little cage.

"How often are the little dead bodies of these beautiful, glistening creatures found among the rubbish in the refuse pails, telling of the lingering death of one of God's loveliest creatures merely to satisfy the pleasure given by the flash of its iridescence as it swims round and round in its stupefying unrest. I beg for protection for the goldfish."

Sir Hesketh's entreaty did not pass unnoticed, but drew prompt and cordial approval from Sir Herbert Maxwell, of Monreith, who felt so much the same way about it that he also addressed himself to the editor of the "Times," saying: "Sir Hesketh Bell does not refer to one feature in the structure of this and other species of fish which must render exposure to strong lateral light peculiarly painful. Having no eyelids, they cannot close their eyes, nor do they need to do so in their natural surroundings, where light falls upon them from above."

Occasionally, someone comes forward with the statement that if a goldfish is kept in a small spherical bowl for a long time and then transferred to a large square tank it will continue to swim in a constricted circle as a result of habit. But authorities on the subject have branded this fable as an "old wives' tale."

C. M. Breder, assistant director of the New York Aquarium, who has had a good deal of experience with fish of one kind or another, when asked to comment upon Sir Hesketh's letter, said that he preferred not to be drawn into any controversy over the private life of fish. He seemed to feel that even though in captivity fish customarily reside in glass domiciles, their emotional responses and suppressed desires—if any—present a topic that is still somewhat obscure, at best.

However, he pointed out that goldfish often do die as a result of being confined in small spherical bowls. But apparently this is not due so much to weariness over their monotonous existence or mortification at having to conduct all of their activities without a trace of privacy, as it is to suffocation.

"Often," he said, "in a spherical bowl there is not a large enough surface of water exposed to the air to provide the fish in it with sufficient oxygen. Changing the water often is not the solution, since fish do not breathe by breaking down the chemical composition of water, but merely by extracting from water the free oxygen that is constantly being absorbed from the air. As long as there is a large enough surface exposed to the air, fish may be kept in the same water indefinitely. Thus a square tank is much better for them than a spherical bowl."

# Wed In Street Where They Fell In Love At Sight

IF marriages are actually made in heaven, as has so often been said, then heaven must have picked the spot for the first meeting between Frank E. Bowles and Josephine Wilson, of Cumberland, Maryland. At any rate, so heavenly did this spot seem to these two young people—who were convinced that heaven had made them for each other—that nothing would do but that they carry out the celestial plan right where they had first met. So a short while ago, they did.

As a place for Providence to bring affinities together for the first time, there was nothing strange about it. But as a location for a wedding ceremony, it was certainly a bit peculiar—since it was the sidewalk of a well-traveled residential street in Cumberland.

North Lee Street is a pleasant enough street, even for a tree-shaded city, but there is nothing about it to distinguish it from various other streets in Cumberland. Even so, to Frank Bowles and Josephine Wilson it has a special, romantic significance. It symbolizes for them the way to happiness, and they cherish it. They even regard it as more or less sacred. So at the risk of appearing eccentric, at the risk of being accused of merely seeking publicity—they decided to exchange their marriage vows right out on the sidewalk in North Lee Street, where they first laid eyes on each other.

Bowles and His Fiancee, With the Minister and Two Witnesses, Drove to North Lee Street, Where Headlights Illuminated Their Sacred Spot, With a Sheltering Tree Serving as a Chapel, They Were Joined in Matrimony.

Young Bowles, who is establishing himself in the jewelry business, had just come home from Bowman Technical School in Lancaster, Pennsylvania—less than a year ago—when the romance started. He and a companion were driving along North Lee Street, on their way to call upon two young women, when he caught sight of Miss Wilson strolling along the sidewalk.

"It's hard to explain," he afterwards said, "but the moment I saw her I knew that something had happened to me—something that had never happened before. I just felt that she was the girl I had been looking for, all of my life. So I asked my friend to stop the car."

When Miss Wilson saw the car stop she thought that the two young men in it must be friends of hers, so she walked toward it. But when she got close enough to realize that they were strangers to her, she turned on her heel and started away. She was not in the habit of permitting men to accost her on the street in this manner. But when heaven sets out to make a match, conventionality cannot be allowed to stand in the way. So out of the blue, Bowles was inspired to say, "Please, I hope you're not offended!" and that caused her to tarry and shake her head.

As far as Bowles was concerned, this was no attempted "pick-up." He was not merely trying to scrape up a passing acquaintance with a pretty girl. One glimpse of Miss Wilson had been enough to convince him that she was his ideal. Cupid's arrow had already pierced his heart, and he was never more earnest in all of his life. Along with Shakespeare, he was feeling that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

"Can't we take you somewhere?" he faltered, groping for time. "We'd be mighty glad to."

Just as she should, in keeping with propriety, Miss Wilson replied, "No, thank you." But her tone was not as chilling as it might ordinarily have been—for at that precise moment Cupid had let loose another arrow, with his customary good marksmanship. So instead of switching away, she lingered—instead of giving young Bowles the cold shoulder, she favored him with a warm, funny little smile of uncertainty. They looked deep into each other's eyes, and laughed. Something had happened, all right, to both of them, and they knew it.

Bowles told her who he was, and introduced his friend, but when he asked her name, she shook her head again. "Please," he pleaded. "I've got to come to see you—I've just got to." She looked down, and then directly into his eyes. "All right!" she said, breathlessly, and told him where to find her. Then she walked on home, and Bowles and his friend drove on to keep their "dates."

After that, Bowles called on Miss Wilson regularly and soon they were engaged. Frequently they drove along North Lee Street, and once while passing the spot where they had first met, Bowles slowed down his car and said, "There's the place!" She replied, rapturously, "Yes! Wouldn't it be lovely if we could be married right there?"

"Why not!" Bowles agreed. "Let's do it!"

When they called upon the Rev. Mr. E. S. Price, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, and asked him to come with them and marry them, they did not tell him the wedding was to be on the sidewalk. He thought they were taking him to one or other of their homes. But presently Bowles drew the car up to the curb in North Lee Street and quietly announced: "This is where we wish to be married."

The minister was dubious, but Bowles said, "We aren't joking, we really mean it." Miss Wilson added, "You see we are awfully attached to this place. We feel that it's—it's sort of sacred to us." Then she explained about the meeting, and the minister smiled, in complete understanding.

So Bowles brought his car around into a position that would allow the headlights to be used for illumination. The curb was the altar, and the spreading branches of a near-by tree served as a sort of natural chapel. The only attendants were the friend who was with Bowles when he met Miss Wilson and the minister's brother.

As the couple took their places before the minister and joined hands, several passing pedestrians stopped to see what it was all about. The little group standing in the glare from the automobile headlights attracted the attention also of several passing motorists, who promptly drew near to discover what was going on. In no time there was a sizable crowd of uninvited guests.

But the bride and groom were unmindful of the curious stares they were receiving, or of the passing automobiles. "I, Frank, take thee, Josephine," and "I, Josephine, take thee, Frank," they said, with hearts beating fast and their earnest faces bright with trust in each other. It may have seemed funny to the crowd, but to Frank and Josephine it was solemn and important—and thrilling.

# Slain Girl's Lost Slipper Jails Suitor

LABORERS at work recently in St. Dominique street in Montreal noticed that a green coupe had been standing nearby since early morning. At quitting time, one of them went over to investigate. He found the switch key in the lock and bloodstains on the floor and the cushion. Then he opened the rumble seat, and discovered the body of a young woman bent over from the waist and crushed into the cramped space.

The girl was identified as Graziella Viens, and the police learned that the automobile belonged to Joseph Alisero, one of her suitors. Residents along St. Dominique Street said they had heard what might have been several pistol shots around midnight the evening before, but that at the time they thought the sound was merely from an automobile backfiring. The medical examiner found that the girl had been shot in the head four times at close range.

The police established a motive for the murder when they found witnesses to testify that Alisero and Miss Viens had quarreled, and that after she had asked him to stop his unwelcome attentions, he had said, "When we Italians are in love, we do not waste time with words—we act!" Another witness said that the afternoon before, Miss Viens had told him she had a date that night with Alisero, but wished she could get out of keeping it.

But when Alisero was arrested he said, "It is my car—yes. I loaned it to her. But I did not kill her. I was not with her. That night—I was in Montee St. Michel."

Montee St. Michel is about 50 miles from Montreal.

"When did you leave Montee St. Michel?" the police demanded.

"About midnight."

"How long were you there?"

"Oh, I guess two-three hours."

A trip to Montee St. Michel, instead of breaking down Alisero's alibi, merely sustained it—several persons were found who said they had seen him there, just as he had said.

The case seemed to be at a standstill, and the police were about to release their suspect, when someone told them Miss Viens could not drive an automobile. "How is this?" they demanded. Alisero shrugged: "She asked me to let her have my car, so I gave her the key and told her where it was parked. If anyone went with her—I do not know."

Detectives decided to make another check over their scanty clues, and hit upon something that had at first been overlooked. When the body was found, the girl was wearing no shoes. A search of the car revealed only the right shoe, muddy and bloodstained.

Advertisements were inserted in newspapers. Scores of persons came forward with left shoes they had found, but none matched the black kid slipper with white pearl buttons that was found in the car. The police were weary of running down old shoes, when a girl telephoned that she had found a woman's slipper in the road the day after the crime and thrown it into a field. "Where?" she was asked, and when she replied, "Just outside of Montee St. Michel," the police said, "We've got him now!" They went after the shoe, and it was the right one.

On the strength of that evidence, authorities were convinced Alisero killed Miss Viens near Montee St. Michel and drove back to Montreal with the body in the rumble seat. The explosions heard by residents on St. Dominque streets must have been backfiring, after all—but from some other automobile.

# Death Strikes Down Men Who Woo Her

THE tenth man to pay with his life for having loved "La Rouge Rosine" was shot the other night in Paris at Place Pigalle, in the heart of the Montmartre district.

Rosine has been a mysterious figure in the Paris underworld for at least six years, and although reputed to be wealthy, she claims that the Bohemian life is so much in her blood that she cannot give it up.

Seven of the men who succumbed to her charms have been murdered, and three executed as murderers. It is said that all men with whom she is friendly immediately become violently jealous of her.

She has red hair and always wears a red dress and a red hat. No one knows her real name, but because of her red hair and her preference for red clothing, she is called "La Rouge Rosine," or sometimes "Poil de Carrotte"—in other words, "Carrot-top."

Once, two men who were both infatuated with her invited her to dine with them. She thought the three of them were just going to have a chummy little "design for living" party—but she was wrong.

It started out merrily enough. When the wine was uncorked, her two admirers vied with each other in paying her compliments. Their devotion to her seemed to have made them boon companions, instead of jealous rivals. She gave them her most bewitching smile, and congratulated them upon their good sense.

"You are so level-headed," she said. "Is it not so? To share me between you in this way—it is charming. To be friends, instead of hating each other. I do not like so much hate—everywhere. Why should there be hate in this life, when there is so little time—even for love?"

One of the men raised his glass toward her flaming hair: "You are more beautiful than the sunrise." The other gave a sinister smile: "My friend, you should have said—sunset."

Rosine did not like his tone, at all—so she caught up her glass and said: "Come, let us drink a toast to ourselves and to living." The two men stared hard at each other. The glasses clinked above the table, and each suitor said: "To ourselves—and living!"

Rosine Screamed, but Before She Could Interfere the Men Drew Pistols and Started Firing at Each Other. One Died Instantly, the Other Succumbed Later to His Wounds.

Afterwards, they were all gay, until the Crepe Suzette had been eaten and the brandy poured. Then one man raised his brandy glass and said: "To the lucky one!" The other replied: "Splendid. To the lucky one." They drained their glasses, and one remarked: "There is no need, then, for us to waste any more time over these so delightful civilities." He got up and locked the door.

"What are you going to do?" Rosine cried.

"Do? We are merely going to decide which one of us is going to have you. Are you ready, my friend?"

"I am ready."

Rosine screamed, but before she could interfere, the two men drew pistols and started firing at each other, across the small private dining room. One was killed outright, and the other died of wounds the next day.

A few years earlier, on the first occasion when her fascination caused men to fight over her, Rosine, herself, was almost killed. A bullet passed through her body before striking a man she was trying to save from a jealous admirer. But her effort was vain. The victim died and soon afterwards the assassin was guillotined. For six weeks, Rosine was in a hospital, lingering between life and death.

Last year, when another of her admirers was murdered the police suspected a certain mysterious Don Carlos, whose real name was Alba Sandra and who was the scapegrace son of a noble Spanish family. But they were never able to prove anything against him, or learn much about him except that some time before he had been forced to leave London as a result of a scandal.

Then, the other night, Rosine arrived at Place Pigalle in a taxi. As usual, she was clad in a striking red costume. The night life that flows along Boulevard Clichy was at full tide. Girls were sauntering, two by two, or loitering in doorways. Two policemen, shoulder to shoulder, with their capes fluttering, strolled by—twirling their moustaches. A beggar, eyeing them, shuffled along the gutter. Music from half a dozen nearby cabarets filled the square—tango, carioca, rhumba, waltz, French quick step all merged into one strident discord. There was also the everlasting "Hank! Hank!" of French taxicabs and peals of harsh laughter.

Rosine stepped languidly from her cab, and saying, "Wait!" she preened herself and strolled toward a handsome, dark-skinned man of 36, who was waiting in the shadow of a doorway. He saw her, and his face lighted up with joy—so she had come then, after all. He came forward with outstretched hand, but before he had taken three steps, another man leaped toward him from another doorway and fired two shots from a revolver.

The man who was waiting for Rosine fell to the pavement, dead—and the assassin turned and ran, disappearing before anyone could identify him. Rosine darted back to her cab, and crying an address to the driver, sped away without looking back at the dead man on the sidewalk.

The victim that time was Don Carlos, and the Parisian police are now searching for "La Rouge Rosine," to ask her what she knows about the murder.



© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Curious Dog Case

## *Miss Roberts, Brought to Court for Giving Her Spaniel a Drink from a Public Drinking Cup, Produces Testimony That the Dog Was More Likely to Catch a Disease Than the Public*

A Detail From Hogarth's Impressive Sketch, "Gin Lane," Showing Dog and Master Sharing the Same Bone. In Those Days in "Merrie England" Germs Were Unknown, and Human Beings and Animals Had Assorted Diseases Which Were Swapped Back and Forth.

Children in a Public Park Drinking From the Old-Fashioned Metal Dipper. It Was From This That Miss Roberts Fed Her Dog, "Nancy."

Miss Bertha Roberts and Her Dog, "Nancy." It Was a Hot Day in London and "Nancy," Wearing Her Fur Coat, Was Thirsty. The Only Way to Give the Dog a Drink Was From the Public Cup at the Drinking Fountain and This She Did While Others Protested.

The Modern, Sanitary, Drinking Fountain Now Being Installed Widely—But There Is No Provision for a Dog to Get a Drink.

Geraldine Farrar and Her Sore-Eyed Pekingese Which Involved Her in a Damage Suit With Her Cook Who Asserted That the Dog's Eyes Had Been Wiped on the Kitchen Towel and the Cook Had Caught an Infection From It.

IT was a hot day last Summer in St. James' Park, London, the beautiful stretch of green that faces Buckingham Palace. Miss Bertha Roberts was taking her dog, Nancy, a beautiful black and white cocker spaniel, out for a walk. It was over ninety degrees in the shade and Nancy in her fur coat, her tongue hanging out, looked appealingly at her mistress with an expression which plainly said:

"I am parched for a drink of water."

The park did not contain any facilities for dogs to drink, although there were fountains for the accommodation of the men, women and children visitors. So Miss Roberts took one of the metal cups which hang from the side of the public fountain, filled it with water, lowered it down and gave the dog a drink. Still thirsty, it was apparent that Nancy had not had enough, so Miss Roberts again filled the drinking cup and again the dog emptied it.

Two men saw the young woman serving the dog water from the metal drinking cup and they came up and roundly abused Miss Roberts for assisting her dog to pollute a receptacle placed in the park for human beings. They threatened to report her to the keepers and an argument sprang up which resulted in her arrest and some very remarkable testimony which she was able to present when her case came up for trial. Miss Roberts described what happened in these words:

"I had to give my dog a drink somehow," she said. "If there had been any other place for it to drink I should have used it. But there was none. And my dog was suffering.

"The men were rude to me. In return, I was rude to them. I told them that my beautifully bred dog was probably much cleaner than they. In any event, the drinking fountain was used all the time by a verminous set of tramps who were spending their lives lying about St. James's Park in the sunshine.

"In the finish, the matter was reported to the park keepers and I was summoned for allowing an animal to pollute the drinking cups.

"The magistrate, after hearing the testimony on both sides, dismissed the case.

"But aside from the testimony developed at the trial there has been an important sequel. Since this law case of mine occurred, they have provided proper drinking facilities for dogs in the park. This fact has compensated me for all the trouble and annoyance to which I have been put."

When the case came on at Bow Street Police Court, Mr. C. R. V. Wallace of the staff of the Director of Public Prosecutions, made no effort to press for a penalty. He told Mr. Robert Dummett, police magistrate, that the present matter was in the nature of a test case. Such a case had never come up before.

The prosecution, said Mr. Wallace, was one for the pollution of public drinking water. It raised many questions of doubt. The one serious disease that dogs could suffer from, to the public danger, namely rabies, had been completely stamped out in Britain. There remained perhaps other diseases where there might be danger to mankind from a dog drinking from a human drinking cup.

But then came the evidence of Mr. Hamilton Kirk, well-known vetinerary surgeon, for the defense. He laughed at the idea of there being any danger to human beings from dogs drinking out of a vessel used by human beings.

"The contrary is the case," he said. "I should not mind any healthy dog belonging to me drinking out of any human vessel from the point of view of any harm occurring to any human being. But I should be apprehensive from the point of view of the dog.

"Personally, I would willingly share any drinking or eating utensil with my dog. I should have no fear. But I should be really nervous if my dog habitually used such utensils which were customarily in the use of other human beings."

Accordingly Mr. Kirk raised a new and surprising point. Dogs, in his opinion, would not pollute any utensils used by human beings, but human beings might more likely pollute utensils that dogs used.

This testimony threw the court into confusion. Mr. Kirk's testimony put the onus, not on the dog, but on the human being. Supposing the dog had any legal entity?—could he or she take legal action because, in drinking, a four-legged animal was exposed to contagious diseases from contact with a diseased human being?

Mr. Dummett, the magistrate, was tactful. He refused to enter into the medical side of the subject and thus dodged a decision on the point everybody wanted settled.

"I sincerely hope," he said, "that this practise of a dog drinking from a human utensil will not be continued. Although Mr. Kirk thinks he would rather drink from a cup after a dog has used it than after a human individual, still I feel that the majority of people do not feel this way.

"While I dismiss this summons, I hope there will not be a repetition of the complaint. Probably we are not educated up to the standpoint of Mr. Hamilton Kirk."

But the American Weekly takes up the case at the point where the British judge side-stepped it. Investigation shows that, as a matter of fact, there is only one human disease, aside from rabies, which has been traced definitely to infection by dogs. This is tularemia, or "rabbit fever," a disease not known to occur at all in England and extremely rare outside the western part of the United States.

Ordinarily, rabbit fever is acquired from rabbits or other animals of the rabbit group, but there is at least one case in which a human infection was obtained from a coyote, the wild animal of the dog group common on the deserts of the West. It is known, too, that the germ of rabbit fever may infect dogs in laboratories and may even kill them, so that it is distinctly possible that a dog might have this disease and might infect human beings through close contact; possibly even by joint use of a drinking cup or of other utensils by the human being and the animal.

However, since rabbit fever is rare everywhere in the world and never has been known in England, there is no probability that the dog in the London park would have left these germs on a drinking cup or on anything else.

It must be remembered, also, that rabies or hydrophobia, the one unquestionable disease which dogs acquire and transmit to human beings, would not be passed on by a drinking cup unless the human being who later used the cup had some kind of cut or abrasion on his lips or tongue. Swallowing the living germs of rabies apparently does no harm. To cause hydrophobia in human beings the germs must get into the blood directly, through some break in the skin; for example, through the bite of a dog which really is mad.

Rabies, however, has become an extremely rare disease, even among dogs. A New York City expert on dog diseases is authority for the statement that really mad dogs are "as rare as lepers." Most of the mad-dog scares in the summer months are baseless and are started by some easily frightened person who sees a dog acting a little strangely and raises the cry of "mad." Even human beings sometimes act strangely when the weather is very hot, and dogs do no more than follow suit.

Dogs have been accused of transmitting to human beings a few other very rare diseases, such as the mysterious "rift fever," which affects sheep in parts of Eastern Africa; a kind of intestinal germ infection called "swine fever"; another such infection caused by a germ of the paratyphoid group, and some others. The proof, however, is far from clear.

Dogs are sometimes infested with several varieties of tapeworm, and it is conceivable that they sometimes transmit the eggs of these parasites to human beings. In one London case a year or two ago the physicians inquiring into the death of a woman from the kind of tumor called a hydatid cyst decided that the eggs of the worm-like parasite responsible for this cyst might conceivably have been acquired by kissing her pet dog, since dogs occasionally carry this parasite.

One kind of mange, the infectious disease which sometimes causes dogs to lose their hair, is reported to be caught in rare instances by human beings. Dog fleas will live on human beings when pressed or short of food, but prefer to return to the dogs at the earliest opportunity.

It is conceivable that a visit from some of these dog fleas might give a human being one of the flea-borne diseases such as typhus fever or even bubonic plague, but in such instances the germs of these diseases would have to come from some other animal, usually a rat or mouse. Dogs do not get these diseases, and would play in any such transfer only the role of a kind of way-station for the flea, already infected by a rat or mouse, on which that same insect previously had lived.

All these doubtful indictments of the dog may be neglected as practical matters, but it may be otherwise with visible germ infections of a dog's skin or of the eyes. These may be caused by germs similar to those which produce boils, sore eyes or other germ infections of the surface of the body in human beings. Accordingly, dogs who have such surface infections should be kept separate from human beings and other animals, precisely as is done with humans who are suffering similarly. Even in these instances there certainly is far less chance of the germ being passed from a dog to a man or woman than there is of one human being passing it to another.

American veterinary science entirely agrees with Dr. Kirk in his conclusion that to drink from the same cup as a dog has only the slightest of negligible chances of harm for the human being. It is agreed, also, that Dr. Kirk is right in thinking the danger is almost infinitely greater for the dog.

One of the reasons for this is the remarkable "fright disease," a kind of hysteria which often affects young dogs and often kills them. This is much commoner in England than in America, and is believed to be caused by an invisible germ belonging to the same group as the germ of human influenza. Most of the dogs attacked by this disease recover, but some do not. Many valuable dogs have been lost in this way. There is reason to believe that human beings with whom the dogs are in contact are the chief source of infection of the dogs.

This germ attacks human beings and even seems to live more or less permanently in their bodies probably as a normal inhabitant of the nose or throat. Unlike the true influenza germ, this one seems to do no harm to its human host. Human beings are "carriers" for it, just as a few persons are carriers of typhoid germs and other germs, which germs do not harm these individuals, but may be spread by them to other persons who are more susceptible and who are made ill or killed. Accordingly, there is an excellent chance that a dog in close contact with human beings or using the same drinking or eating utensils will catch from them this dangerous disease; dangerous, that is, to the dog. If a human being catches precisely the same germ from a dog, no harm is done, since the germ will not damage the human body, even if none of its brothers and sisters are there already.

There is some evidence that dogs can catch diphtheria, scarlet fever, erysipelas and even mumps, although the facts are not entirely conclusive. In any event there is no recorded case of these germs ever moving in the reverse direction—from the dog to the human being.

Certainly this is true of the great human scourge of tuberculosis. Like virtually all other animals, dogs can catch a form of tuberculosis, and may die of it. Whether they catch the exact human form of the disease or some slight variation of it is uncertain. There is not even one case, however, in which tuberculosis in a human being has been proved to have come from contacts with a dog, although there are thousands of instances in which human tuberculosis has been acquired from cattle, usually by way of the milk. Undoubtedly millions of dogs have died as a result of catching tuberculosis germs spread about by their human companions, but not one human being is known to have succumbed to a similar infection from the dog. Apparently the human type of tuberculosis germ is so weakened or altered in the dog's body that it no longer can invade another human host.

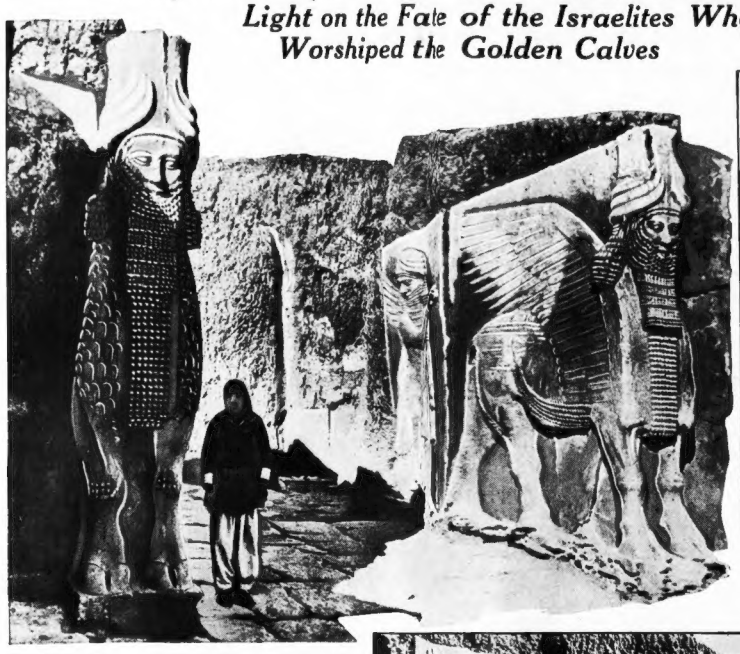
The London dog who drank from the public drinking cup was exposed to at least two common and extremely dangerous dog diseases contractable from human beings — tuberculosis and the influenza-like "fright disease." Any later human being who used the cup was exposed only to two extremely rare and improbable dog diseases — rabies and rabbit fever—not even one case in the latter ever having been encountered in England, while the danger from the former undoubtedly is absolutely negligible.

In olden times, before anybody had ever heard of germs, it is very probable that dog and master or mistress frequently swapped such diseases as could be mutually contracted. And a few years ago a case got into the New York courts where no less a personage than Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan Opera star, was sued for damages by her cook. The opera singer's pet Pekingese dog had sore eyes and the maid, who looked after the dog, occasionally wiped them, it was claimed, on the kitchen towel. And thus, the cook asserted, she had infected her own eyes by wiping her face on the towel which had been used for the dog.

(C) 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Where King Sargon Took the "Ten Lost Tribes of Israel"

## *Discoveries of Remarkable Sculptures and a Palace of the Old Assyrian Conqueror in Ruined Khorsabad Throw New Light on the Fate of the Israelites Who Worshiped the Golden Calves*



Gateway Recently Uncovered at Khorsabad Adorned With Magnificent Reliefs of Guardian Genii—Human Headed Winged Bulls; Behind the One at the Right Is a Winged Figure Offering the Fruit of the Date-Palm.

The Benign Face of the Man Headed Bull of the Gateway.

An Ivory Carving of a Woman Looking Out of a Window, Believed to Be Some Israelite Artist's Conception of the Efforts of Jezebel to Entice Jehu.

Another Remarkable Ivory Piece Discovered in the Palace of Sargon, Whose Workmanship and Character Show It Was Carved by an Israelite.

Another Fragment of Ivory Suggesting Israelite Workmanship.

Sargon, King of Assyria, With a Vizier. From an Assyrian Bas-Relief.



Another View of the Winged Figure Scattering the Seeds of the Date-Palm as It Follows the Sacred Bull.

ON THE dun colored dust plains of the Iranian Highlands, near the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, stand the ruins of Dur Sharrukin, exhumed from the desert sands that were its grave for twenty-seven hundred years, by the searching picks of the archeologists—Dur Sharrukin, the city that never was, in a kingdom that never came into being.

The strange ghost city of antiquity, standing forbidding, dreary and alone, is a monument to Sargon, the mighty war lord of the Assyrians, whose dream of building a city that would put to shame the splendor and magnificence of Nineveh, was cut short by death. And Biblical students believe, too, that the silent and crumbling stone walls and buildings of the ancient city, with their gorgeous carvings, may also be the epitaph of the ten lost tribes of Israel and the answer to the historical enigma of where they went, and why.

Thus Dur Sharrukin stands today, a gravestone of a political ambition and the keystone of a Biblical riddle.

But, strangest of all the strange things about the old city, the excavators who are digging their way into the past have found evidence that Sargon, the fighter and dreamer, who caused Dur Sharrukin to be, never saw the materialization of his dreams. He died, apparently, without ever visiting the place he had built in honor of Nabu, god of wisdom, history and poetry.

The existence of a city at Dur Sharrukin has been known ever since Victor Place, the great French archeologist, stumbled across its secret more than eighty years ago. But it was not until recently that excavation of the old city was undertaken by the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the direction of James Henry Breasted, America's greatest authority on the culture of the Near East.

"The Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in silver and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee!"

wrote the poet Byron, describing the miracle of the destruction of Sennacherib. But it was Sargon who assembled the Assyrian hosts and opened the great campaign against the Israelites.

Shalmaneser, the fifth King of the Assyrians, had died in 705 B. C., and Sargon, who was not of the royal line, established himself as the new King through a political coup. His reign was brief, cut short by the hand of an assassin, but during his leadership the Assyrians reached the zenith of their power in Western Asia.

Nineveh was his capital city—Nineveh the wicked, famous for its palaces and temples—but Nineveh had been builded by other hands than his own, and Sargon was ambitious. The serried ranks of his soldiery spread throughout the land of the Israelites. Cities and entire districts that were really small countries fell before him. His borders expanded. Assyria was at the crest of its wave.

It was then that Sargon decided to build the city that was to be a monument to himself. To have erected this city close by Nineveh would have been a simpler plan, but Sargon seldom chose the easiest way. Instead, he selected the remote, unpopulated section of the Iranian Highlands where Dur Sharrukin stands.

For workmen he chose slaves, and the slaves were the Israelites, residents of the lands that Sargon's troops had captured. The population of entire cities were forced to move from their homes and trek, sometimes many miles, in great caravans, to a new country, there to establish themselves. This was one of the conqueror's methods of keeping his minions under control. Rebellion, in a strange land, was a difficult thing.

Thus, when Sargon planned Dur Sharrukin, he sent his soldiers out to conquer more of the Israelites and transport them to the lonely site of the city-to-be and to put them to work building it.

That Sargon did move the population of his captured cities is proven in such of his own accounts as have come down to the present day. One autobiographical annal, apparently dictated by the King himself, declares:

"In the beginning of my reign and in the first year of my reign, Samaria I besieged and took. Twenty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety inhabitants I carried away . . . (Samaria) I set up again and made more populous than ever before. Peoples from lands which I had taken I settled there. My men I set up over them as governors."

The Biblical account of the fall of Samaria bears out Sargon's statement:

"In the ninth year of Hosea the King of Assyria took Samaria and carried Israel away into Assyria and placed them in Helah and in Habor, by the River Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." (2 Kings, xvii:6).

City by city, Samaria fell before the victorious Assyrians until all of that land which housed ten of the twelve tribes of Israel was under Assyrian domination and its people taken elsewhere. The ten tribes never were definitely heard of again. Traces of them have been found, here and there. Dozens of religious sects have sprung up throughout the world, and their followers have declared themselves the descendants of the lost ten tribes. Actually, the missing tribes were swallowed up as though they had never been.

It was these tribes, many historians believe, who were the artisans that built Dur Sharrukin. Inside the great walled city are hundreds of carvings, nearly all of them definitely Assyrian in character. But there is a single beautiful ivory piece, depicting a woman gazing from a window, which almost certainly was done by some long dead Israelite sculptor who worked in the city and who must have been a member of one of those lost ten tribes.

Nearly a century before the reign of Sargon, when Samaria was in its prime, King Ahab wedded Jezebel, the Phoenician princess, and built his "House of Ivory" for his wicked bride. A number of ivory carvings, believed stolen from the House of Ivory when Sargon captured Samaria early in his reign, have been found at Dur Sharrukin. These, however, might have been, and probably were, stolen by the Assyrians and sent to the city, and their presence alone would not indicate that the Israelites had been the actual builders of the city.

The carving of the woman gazing from the window, however, can hardly be anything else than some Israelite artist's depiction of the Bible story of Jezebel, who looked from her windows and beckoned to Jehu, who, refusing the blandishments of the wicked Queen, hastened the doom that had been depicted for her—that horses would scatter her blood on the streets and walls of Jerusalem. To Sargon's Assyrian overseers, unaware of the story of Jezebel, the carving of the woman gazing from the window would have had no special meaning. But the sculptor who carved it left a record that, twenty-seven centuries later, may help present day historians to solve the mystery of the lost tribes.

Until the excavators dug deep into the sand that covered the city historians had believed that Sargon had lived nearly a year in his dream city before his death. Now many believe that the King never saw his city, because, the archeologists have discovered, its main gate has never been opened.

This gate, surrounded by massive carvings of guarding genii in the form of a winged bull, with a man's head, and winged men, each with smiles on their lips meant to be benevolent, but which have an oddly cynical look, perhaps also carved into them cunningly by the hand of some rebellious Israelite, was intended as the main entrance to the city.

In ancient times the chief gate of the walled cities was used first by the King, much in the same manner as modern highways and bridges usually are opened with a ceremony that includes the cutting of a ribbon and the passage over the road or span of some local dignitary. Had Sargon entered the city he would have done so through the great gate—not through the lesser and less ornate gates used by the artisans who built Dur Sharrukin.

But the great gate was never opened. The pivot stones were in position and the huge slabs that were to form the pavement beneath the gate itself were cut, and standing alongside, ready to be dropped into place on that gala day when Sargon should have entered his new capital. That day must never have arrived, for the gate still is blocked up by the same rough stones that blocked it until the King's coming.

Inside the walls, not far from the gate, stands the temple to Nabu, god of wisdom, poetry and history, to whom the city was dedicated. Nineveh had been celebrated for its extensive library, and thousands of clay tablets recounting the history and literature of the time have been found there.

Sargon apparently intended to move these to Dur Sharrukin and install them in the temple of Nabu, for he ordered a huge building built to the god. The temple covers an area 250 feet wide and 420 feet long—a vast building in its day, and large enough to hold all the precious tablets of Nineveh.

The temple is connected with the palace Sargon meant for himself by a stone viaduct.

In what must have been the inner sanctum of the temple has been found an inscription cut deep into the stone walls that when deciphered proved to be Sargon's prayer to his god of wisdom asking for aid and protection.

In the palace has been found a pageant in stone, depicting Sargon, the cruel and merciless conqueror, who rode roughshod over his victims. The King is shown standing before his officers, who have piled high a stack of human heads for his majesty's approval. Impaled bodies of tortured enemies have their part in the cruel pageant. The artists have pictured besieged towns and the long caravans of waiting Israelites being moved from their homeland into the country of the victors.

Yet for all his cruelty, Sargon apparently was devoted to the gods of Assyria, for inside his palace have been found six temples to the gods, the three largest being dedicated to the Moon god Sin, the Sun god Shamash, and to the goddess Ningal, spouse of Sin. The three smaller shrines were dedicated to Abad, the Storm god; Ea, god of waters, and Ninurta, god of war. Why Sargon, who ruled by war, dedicated only a small temple to the god of strife is not known.

In Sargon's castle have been found the ivory carvings believed to have come from Jezebel's palace in Samaria. The carvings show definite Phoenician characteristics, and Jezebel was a Phoenician princess.

Thousands of men, probably scores of thousands, must have been engaged in the construction of Dur Sharrukin, and the building of the city must have taken from ten to fifteen years. And if Dur Sharrukin is a city of mystery, so, too, is it a mystery what became of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel after they had finished its construction. History recounts the story of some rulers who built great castles and then had the workmen who did the building put to death, so that never again could they duplicate their deeds. Such a course would not have been beyond Sargon, the cruel, but such a wholesale slaughter would hardly have escaped perpetuation in history.

Like the hosts of the Assyrians who deserted Dur Sharrukin at the death of their King, to leave its great buildings, its magnificent carvings, and its sealed gate for archeologists to study twenty-seven centuries later, the thousands of slaves who built the city must have gone—where, nobody knows.

Khorsabad, the poor malaria-stricken village of Kurds, stands not far from the ruins. There are few people there. In the ruins themselves are only the workmen employed by the excavators to dig the city from its grave. When they have finished their work they, too, will go, and Dur Sharrukin will stand again, as it always has, a city of brooding silence in a kingdom that never came into being.



© 1931 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

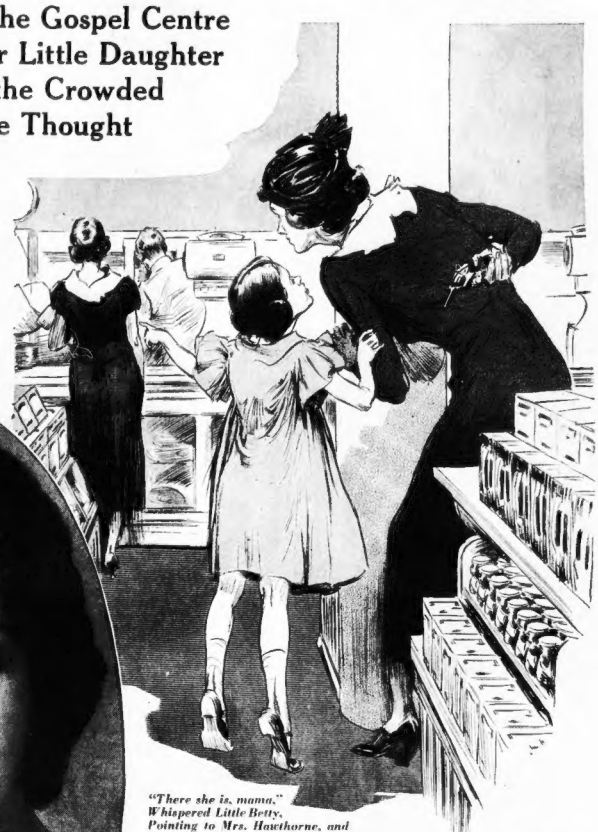
# How the Woman Preacher Ended the "Eternal Triangle"

## "I Am a Game Loser," Wrote Mrs. Harrison, the Gospel Centre Evangelist—But After Her Little Daughter Had Tracked Through the Crowded Store the "Vamp" She Thought Had Stolen Her Husband's Love, She Ruthlessly Sent One Bullet Through Her Brain and Another Through Her Heart

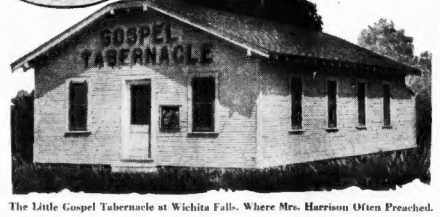
Mrs. Cora Lee Hawthorne, Who Was Shot Down and Killed by the Evangelist in the Department Store.

Twelve-Year-Old Betty Harrison, Who Is Quoted as Saying, "I am glad I helped my mother kill that other woman. Maybe Daddy will come home now."

Mrs. Wilma Harrison, the Woman Preacher, Who Is Held for the Killing of Mrs. Hawthorne, Whom She Believed to Be Her Rival for Her Husband's Love.



*"There she is, mama," Whispered Little Betty, Pointing to Mrs. Hawthorne, and the Evangelist, a Pistol Behind Her, Marched Forward to the Doomed Woman and, Crying Out in Her Ringing Pulpit Voice "Cora Hawthorne!" Shot Her Through the Head and Heart as She Turned.*




The Little Gospel Tabernacle at Wichita Falls, Where Mrs. Harrison Often Preached.

"THOU shalt not kill."

Whatever disputes may arise among preachers of the Christian gospel, all agree that this commandment came from the Creator Himself. It is in four short words which nobody can misunderstand and was meant to be obeyed.

Since a minister and evangelist is supposed to set a high example and live a better life than the sinners he is leading out of sin to salvation, the least he can do to justify his existence is to obey these Ten Commandments.

Especially if the evangelist belongs to the gentler sex one would not expect her to disobey that terse command of the God she purports to serve—by shedding human blood.

Yet Mrs. Wilma Harrison, evangelist leader of the Gospel Centre Congregation at Wichita Falls, Texas, assisted by her twelve-year-old daughter Betty, sought out and, in the midst of a crowded department store, shot another woman to death. Then, instead of showing remorse, she gave herself up to a policeman and in a few moments was telling District Attorney Sam Spence about it as calmly as if there were no law of God or man against what she had done. A gangster who had just "bumped off" his rival could hardly have seemed less upset.

The evangelist's flock apparently felt the same way because its saints and sinners hastily raised the insignificant $5,000 bail, no more than a shoplifter or pickpocket might have been forced to put up. The men who signed her bond were the same church members who had sat with bowed head while she had administered Holy Communion, intoning the words:

"Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful."

To some the most shocking result of the evangelist's affair was the attitude of little Betty who, with evident pride, as if she had done a worthy deed, has been quoted as saying:

"I am glad I helped my mother kill that other woman. Maybe Daddy will come home now."

"Daddy," Mr. B. C. Harrison, who runs a shoe repair shop, did not come home, however, and says he does not know why his wife shot Mrs. Cora Lee Hawthorne.

On a recent Saturday morning Mrs. Harrison tucked a 38-calibre revolver into her handbag and, with Betty, made her regular weekly visit to Mr. Harrison at his shop. The weapon, she explained, was to protect her from her husband and had only been borrowed after much prayer and "divine guidance." At the shop she did not exhibit the gun because her estranged husband, as usual, turned over his wife's agreed share of the weekly receipts, without even an argument.

It was pay day in this oil town and the mother and daughter stepped forth into a street crowded with shoppers. The evangelist exchanged greetings with many members of her flock, women blamelessly engaged in buying supplies for Sunday's dinner and a few sinners who hoped that their saintly leader would not read in their minds sinful intentions of laying in a quart of gin or a few bottles of beer. One or two males, steeped in sin and iniquity, backed around so she would not see that bulge on their hips.

Who would have dreamed that the bulge in their unworldly leader's purse was made by a roll of quite worldly money and an underworldly revolver? Quite a few of the evangelist's friends knew that the next day would be little Betty's twelfth birthday. Little did they guess how her mother was about to celebrate it.

On the crowded sidewalk, Mrs. Harrison and her daughter passed Mrs. Cora Lee Hawthorne, with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Harvick. Mrs. Hawthorne, like Mrs. Harrison, was estranged but not yet divorced from her husband. Also she was older and, in the opinion of those who knew both women, by no means as good-looking as the attractive evangelist.

According to Mrs. Harrison's version, the other woman jostled her.

"I believe she did it deliberately," she told the district attorney, "and I turned with my daughter and followed her into the store."

The Saviour whom this woman professed to imitate, laid down abundant instructions covering such an incident. Being a preacher with all the more important Biblical texts on the tip of her tongue, she was not ignorant of the fifth Chapter of Matthew, 39th Verse:

"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

The 44th verse of that same chapter, she must have known says:

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

The preacher did not practice what she had so often preached. Little Betty, darting ahead, hustled through the throng of customers and finally found Mrs. Hawthorne, standing with Mrs. Harvick in front of the meat counter. Following in the child's footsteps, the evangelist soon stood there too.

Mrs. Hawthorne turned and looked into the preacher's eyes. What the other woman read in those eyes will never be known but she turned away from the meat counter and moved nervously through the store, followed by the evangelist but not Betty who, at this point, remained behind in a far corner. This does not prove that the little girl knew what her mother was about to do. She may merely have thought that her mother was going to "preach" at the other woman as she used to "preach" at her father before he left home, and may have wished to avoid the unpleasant scene.

When Mrs. Hawthorne had reached a point where she was passing a blank wall at the rear of the store, Mrs. Harrison drew her revolver and called in her ringing pulpit voice:

"Cora Hawthorne!"

The doomed woman turned and, at a distance of six feet, the preacher fired twice. A gangster could not have shot more quickly or straighter. The first bullet struck just over Cora's heart and the second entered her forehead, over the right eye, before she had started to fall.

The dying woman dropped between sacks of flour and sugar. Her mother whose back was turned at the moment was so stunned and confused by the sudden tragedy that she had no idea how it had happened or why. As Mrs. Harvick bent over her dying daughter, Mrs. Harrison walked calmly away.

For some distance her path was cleared by a stampede of shoppers who thought some gunman had gotten his rival "on the spot" and was "giving him the works." At the door a man attempted to seize the assassin, not knowing that she was a preacher of the gospel, but when she raised the gun threateningly, he wisely let her go. For a block and a half she walked along the sidewalk, men and women falling back in wonder at the sight of a woman preacher, representing the "Prince of Peace," but brandishing a large, glittering revolver. Then she met a policeman and fortunately at last remembered her Bible, which says:

"Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

At the time Christ spoke those words, Caesar represented the law in Palestine, and so, that day, did that unknown man to whom she surrendered herself and her weapon.

Mrs. Harrison's flock though startled and puzzled, state that she had spent many hours in prayer and doubtless must have received divine guidance which would make it all right, they supposed, to override the Ten Commandments, somewhat as some people think it all right to override the Constitution of the United States. They point out that the Scriptures recommend:

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

This rather logical injunction has often been quoted as justification for avenging a murder when the laxity of modern courts has let the murderer go unpunished. But nobody pretends that Cora Hawthorne had taken a life. The evangelist merely asserts, and the victim's family as well as Mr. Harrison deny it, that the dead woman had carried on an illicit affair which had alienated the shoe-repairer's affections. For this, "Caesar's" courts provide punishment in the form of alimony from the husband and alienation of affections damages from the other woman, if she has any money.

The only serious criticism from a religious point of view seems to have been made against Betty by one of her Bible classmates. A boy in the class is said to have remarked to her:

"You ought not to have gone into that store and found that woman for your mother. The Bible says that you mustn't discover your father's skirt."

After much research in their Bibles the children were able to locate the passage the boy meant. It was the 30th verse of the 22nd Chapter of Deuteronomy and read:

"A man shall not take his father's wife, nor discover his father's skirt."

But it was explained that the word "skirt," meaning a woman, is a slang term, not used in the Bible.

Mrs. Harrison besides "divine guidance" has received some legal advice not to talk about the killing but, in her first statement to the authorities, she told of going to her husband's shoe shop, several months ago, late in the evening and calling the police when she found the door locked. Just before they arrived she had broken in the glass of the door and, entering, she declared, found her husband and Cora inside.

Police corroborated this statement, adding that the evangelist broke the glass with her shoe and, after a bitter exchange of words had threatened the other woman with a beating until, to preserve the peace, they had sent both women away. Cora had explained her presence by claiming that she had dropped in to ask how soon her slippers would be ready.

Mrs. Harvick, mother of the slain woman, related that those threats had worried her daughter and caused Mr. Harrison to take the matter up with his wife. The result had been that about two months before the tragedy, Cora had received the following letter from Mrs. Harrison, written in pencil:

"Mr. Harrison said you were afraid I would hurt you. I, Mrs. Wilma Harrison, want you to know I will not harm a hair on your head. I am a game loser.

"Yours Respect.,

"Wilma Harrison."

But she changed her mind, as less religious women sometimes do or perhaps somehow reconciled "bumping off" Cora with being a "game loser" to say nothing of breaking that divine command. Far from resigning from her church work, the evangelist announced that she expects to be more energetic than ever in leading souls to the light. One reason given by the Court in granting such low bail is the fact that Mrs. Harrison has another daughter, only fifteen months old.

In his shop Harrison, a tall, gaunt man with black hair beginning to turn gray, continues to attend his work. He is no Adonis, not at all the type over which one would expect women to kill or even quarrel. He is far more shaken over the killing than his wife who says serenely:

"My cause is right. God will provide and right will prevail."

Beyond repeating that he does not know why his wife shot Cora, the husband will only add:

"Too much has been said already. That is one of the reasons why I cannot see my children. Of course, I could by going to court but that would only cause more trouble. Maybe it can be managed without that."

It happens that Mrs. Hawthorne also had a daughter twelve years old, left motherless by the evangelist's bullets but even that gives her no twinges.

An irreverent person, arguing with a member of Wilma's congregation, shouted:

"She put that woman on the spot!"

There was a moment of shocked silence, then the church member rose to her defense by quoting Deuteronomy, Chapter 32, fifth verse:

"They have corrupted themselves, their spot is not the spot of his children: they are a perverse and crooked generation."

Not knowing what it meant, the man could not answer and went away before the police arrived. Soon a grand jury will decide under what charges, if any, Wilma is to go on trial.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# New Velvet Gowns

## Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

A New Material Is a Thick White Crepe, on Which Is a Raised Square of Deep Pile Velvet. This Gives a Checked Effect From a Distance. It Is Made Into an Interesting Gown, With a Very Slinky Skirt, With a Frill at the Edge, and Slit Up a Little in the Front. The Bodice Is Tightly Fitted, Draped a Tiny Bit at the Natural Waist. To Accentuate the Hips Is a Band of Marten in Brown, Which Matches the Brown of the Immense Sleeve With Long End Which Is Worn on the Arm Above the Elbow. A Clip of Gold With a Big Topaz Is Seen in the Centre of the Rather Low U Decollete. In the Back, There Is a Deeper U. Accentuation of the Hips Is Suggested in Several Other Houses. This Gown by Germaine Bailly.

Among the Striking Velvet Novelties of the Winter, Is a Changeable Velvet, Called Ciselia, Which Is Made by Coudurier. A Great Many Houses Have Used It. The Base Is in One Color, and the Pile in Another. Sometimes the Base Is in Metal. The Effect Is Very Beautiful. Black and Red Is One of the Favorite Color Combinations in This New Velvet. Here Ardanse Has Used Black and Silver. The Base Is Silver and the Pile Black. The Gown Is Very Slim, and Slit Deeply at One Side So That One Can Walk in It. The Bodice Is Draped, Cut Square, Running Under the Arms, With Wide, Plain Shoulder Straps.

The Stiff Materials Make Many of the Handsomest Evening Gowns in the Collections. Andree Cahring, a New House, Has Used the New Faille Velvet for This Gown. The Slightly Shortened Bodice Is Laid in Draped Plaits or Tucks, but Running Up, Rather Than Down. The Skirt Is Moulded to the Figure. In the Front the Slim Line Continues Right to the Floor, but in the Back, Below the Waist, There Is an Inset Train Which Divides Into Two, and Spreads to a Great Length on the Floor. It Is Lined With Orange Moire.

—On the Left—
Chiffon Velvet Is Used for This Lovely Gown with Long, "Weeping" Sleeves. It Is in Black. The Bodice Is Cut Across the Neck in Front. In the Back There Is a Deep V Neckline. The Sleeves and the Pointed Yoke of the Bodice Are Cut in One. At the Elbows There Are Draped Cuffs, Finished in a Knot, From Which Falls a Long, Widening Panel, Slit at the End. Mainbocher Model.

PARIS, Sept. 20.

THE Winter collections of 1934-35 have been called the triumph of velvet. Taking them as a whole, velvets of various weaves form almost a third of the collections. While many of the models are for evening, there are also suits, coats and frocks for the daytime.

It is in the evening, however, that velvet finds its most natural expression. Several novel weaves have attracted the attention of leading designers. One of these is illustrated in the model from Ardanse, sketched. This is a changeable velvet, the silk base is one color and the straight pile in another. Sometimes the base is in metal, as it is in the sketch. The effect is very beautiful, and particularly good for draped gowns, because the reverse side can be allowed to show. The model illustrates the "before the war" feeling of many of the new evening gowns, with their moulded silhouette, the skirts often so narrow about the feet that they have to be slit to make walking possible. Here, the skirt is slit at one side. When it is slit in the front, the resemblance to the clothes of Nineteen Thirteen is even more pronounced. The gown shows the decollete that we call "lingerie" because it runs around under the arms, like a slip, and has shoulder straps to keep it in place. It gives a new look after the many covered-shoulder effects that we have had in the evening. There is a large draped bow in the back, which finishes at one side of the skirt in a cascade, showing the silver lining of the velvet. Many houses, including Lelong, Worth, Jodelle and others have used this changeable velvet.

Another novelty is Bianchini's faille velvet, which is a stiff papery looking material, with the short erect pile used in fine ribs. Andree Cahning, a new house, which has been cordially welcomed, makes her gown of this material in black. The bodice is laid in tucks that turn up, and shows the same under-the-arm decollete with wide shoulder straps. The skirt is very slim in front, and below the waist in the back starts a double train, which is strikingly lined with orange moire. While many houses prefer the skirt that just trails a little in the back, several show "grand gowns" with real trains like this one.

Another new velvet, not illustrated, is a combination of velvet and moire, the base is thick moire silk, with the "water mark" in raised velvet lines. Sometimes the lines are in one color and the base in another. Lelong has several evening gowns in this new velvet. One combines forest green with brown, and adds mink to carry out the color scheme.

Stiff velvet is used by many houses for handsome evening gowns, and especially for rich evening wraps. Schiaparelli, who is usually not much interested in velvet, changes her mind this year. She has a new special stiff velvet called "Grande Tenue" out of which she makes splendid evening coats. And her own fabrics "tree bark" and "chichi," originally done in silk, are repeated for her Winter collection in velvet. One of her big successes is a prune colored moire wrap bordered with silver fox, and worn over a stiff velvet skirt with a prune and silver lame top for evening. The skirt is shirred on a cord and tied at the waist in the back in a very novel way. She also has a sensational pajama, with trousers like a cowboy's chaps, in yellow "chichi" velvet.

Mainbocher has a great number of evening gowns in velvet, especially in the new uncrushable weaves which add so much to the pleasure and satisfaction of wearing this rich material. His gown with the long hanging ends from the elbows is done in medium weight black chiffon velvet. Its belt is also interesting, laced with a strip of the fabric and tied in a bow. He also does these sleeves in a gold embroidered net. He is one of the designers who has used velvet for all times of day, for morning in the form of trim little jackets, double-breasted, pocketed, with their edges bound in braid; for all-day coats with or without fur trimming; for handsome suits, with their jackets cut very much flared and falling from the shoulders, the flare accented by a fox border; for informal evening in ankle length gowns, often with sleeves; and for wraps and gowns of ceremonial use.

The faconne velvets come to add their note of richness to the velvet story. Raised designs on silk bases are used for both daytime and evening by several houses, notably Germaine Bailly in the model sketched, which shows blocks of deep pile velvet on a thick white crepe base. She accentuated her hips by the placing of a band of mink, the color of which is repeated in the puff and long ends of brown tulle on one arm. Several other houses accent the hips, especially Lucile Paray and Heim. The rest of the silhouette is exaggeratedly long and slim, and the "hip feeling" is only tentative at present, but it is there.

Patou has an unusual new velvet, made of artificial silk, woven in half-inch rows of what looks like silk plush, in a fringe effect. This is the most amusing velvet of the season. He uses it for evening gowns, the fringed ribs running in different directions. He, also, has used velvets for all times of day.

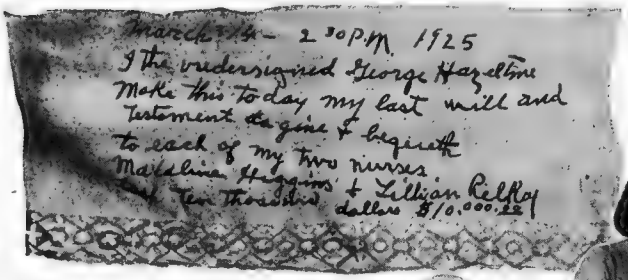
Chanel has a new medium-weight uncrushable velvet of her own which she calls "froispa," and she is still partial to stiff velvet.

Add the chenille jersies of which Alix makes her blouses with thick tweed suits; velveteens; the crinkled velvet and the fur velvets not forgetting the ribbed varieties, and you will see that the collections as a whole may well be labelled the triumph of velvet.

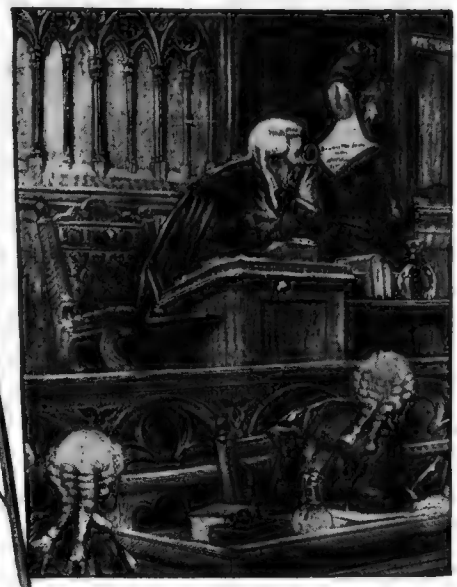
© 1934 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Another Queer Will—Written on a Step-Ladder

## *Strange Documents Offered the Probate Courts Almost as Surprising as the Famous Will Written on the Naked Back of an Attractive Young Woman*


March 1st— 2 30 P.M. 1925
I the undersigned George Hazeltine
Make this to day my last will and
Testament do give & bequeath
to each of my two nurses
Madaline Higgins & Lillian Pelkey
ten thousand
dollars $10,000.00

Photograph of a Part of Old Hazeltine's Strange Will Which Was Hastily Scrawled on His Nurse's Petticoat While He Was Dying.

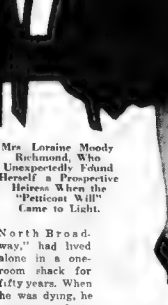


The British Probate Judge Examining With a Microscope the Will Written on the Back of a Young Woman by Mr. Meeson.

The Will of Edwin Roberts, a Bronx, N. Y., Contractor, Written on a Block of Wood as a Joke When a Neighbor Nagged Him. Its Legality Was Upheld by the Court.

Miss Cooper, Deputy County Clerk in Los Angeles, Stamping the Official Order "Filed" on the Step-ladder, Which Then Formally Became a Court Record.

Mrs. McLaughlin's Will, Written on a Strip of Paper Five Feet Long and Nine Inches Wide—Longest Will Ever Filed for Probate in California.



Mrs. Loraine Moody Richmond, Who Unexpectedly Found Herself a Prospective Heiress When the "Petticoat Will" Came to Light.

WHEN Rider Haggard, the famous English author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She," wrote a novel called "Mr. Meeson's Will," it was considered a very original work and won considerable success.

In it, old Mr. Meeson, wrecked on a desert island, and at the point of death, tattooed his will on a girl's back because there was no other way of writing it. It was held legal in an English court. People said there could be no more remarkable way of writing a will, and having it legal, than that.

But this vast and resourceful country has equaled or surpassed "Mr. Meeson's Will" in oddity several times within a few years.

In Los Angeles, the other day, attorneys filed a seven-foot step-ladder on which was written the last testament of Hermann H. Strathmann. The court carefully considered the legality of filing a step-ladder as a legal document and decided that as the law had said nothing against inconvenient documents it was legal, although if everybody made a similarly cumbersome will it would make the work of the court almost, if not quite, impossible. Deputy County Clerk Georgia Faye Cooper accordingly stamped "filed" upon the step-ladder.

The will bequeaths Mr. Strathmann's estate, valued at $15,000, to a neighbor, Mrs. Ellen Gotts. Mr. Strathmann, who died at the age of seventy, was a paralytic.

Shortly before he died Mrs. Gotts said he gave her the step-ladder, admonishing her "to take good care of it, as it would help to support her." Mrs. Gotts said Mr. Strathmann often had promised her to leave her his estate in appreciation of the kindness shown both to him and to his late wife, but she had no idea that the step-ladder had anything to do with this intention.

However, after his death, search of the house failed to disclose a will. Mrs. Gotts said she then recalled the peculiar remark that he had made to her about the step-ladder, and began to wonder whether the right have something to do with his will. At first she tried to find if the will had been hidden in some hollow in the wood-work, but found nothing. Finally she claimed she found the holographic will of her friend—as such document is called when written entirely in the hand-writing of the testator—scrawled in pencil. This very singular document read:

"I love her. I give my all to Mrs. Gotts. She is my good spirit.

(Signed) "Hermann H. Strathmann."

The step-ladder will was perfectly legal as far as wills go, but unfortunately for Mrs. Gott a handwriting expert declared in court that the strange will was a forgery, and the judge upheld this decision so Mrs. Gott is out the $15,000.

Only a few years before this the same court had to pass upon a will written on a woman's petticoat—it was at the time when these garments were still occasionally worn. George W. Hazeltine, known as "the Pauper of North Broadway," had lived alone in a one-room shack for fifty years. When he was dying, he was carried to the Westlake Convalescent Rest Home of Los Angeles. He made a feeble gesture with his hand and beckoned his nurse, Mrs. Lillian Pelkey. She went to his bedside and saw that he was about to pass away. The thin lips moved, and Mrs. Pelkey caught the whispered words:

"Bring pen and paper. I want to make a will."

Mrs. Pelkey was surprised at this request from a man who was supposed to have nothing. She called the head of the Home, Mrs. Madaline Higgins, and they both realized that Hazeltine was likely to die at any moment. There was neither paper nor ink nor pencil in the room. Mrs. Pelkey was going out to get writing materials when Hazeltine summoned her back and indicated that the will must be written at once, just as old Meeson had done.

Mrs. Pelkey suddenly noticed a stump of pencil lying on the floor. She grabbed it, knelt by the bed and turned up the hem of her white petticoat. With her ear close to the lips of the dying man, she wrote on the white cloth the last will and testament of George W. Hazeltine. This was the way it read:

"I, the undersigned, George Hazeltine, make this today my last will and testament, to give and bequeath to each of my two nurses, Madaline Higgins and Lillian Pelkey, each $10,000.00. The remainder of my entire estate to go to my great-grandniece, Loraine Moody, present address unknown."

The next day Hazeltine died. Shortly after the funeral a will signed by Hazeltine, drawn up in regular legal form, was offered for probate. It indicated that the "pauper of North Broadway" had left an estate worth more than $500,000.00, and this turned out, on investigation, to be substantially correct. He was, for instance, the owner of a valuable block on which stood the shack in which he lived.

He spent the day picking up tin cans and rubbish, and the night planning real estate deals involving fortunes and shrewd investments in Wall Street. In his first will he directed that the estate was to be held in trust for certain beneficiaries and on their death to go to the United States Government. Under the petticoat will Mrs. Loraine Moody Richmond, the great-grand-niece of the strange recluse, became the chief beneficiary.

California has the record as the State of strange wills. Mrs. Emma A. McLaughlin, of Oakland, made her will on a strip of paper five feet long and nine inches wide — the longest will ever filed for probate in the state. The entire will was written in Mrs. McLaughlin's handwriting and was dated December 14, 1928.

The detailed inventory of her real and personal property required the lengthy manuscript. It was just two inches longer than Miss Priscilla Moniz, the attractive stenographer of the probate court of Alameda County, who had to put it away and take it out many times during the probate proceedings. It was a perfectly good will.

Edwin Roberts, a wealthy contractor in New York's Borough of the Bronx, made a will on a chip of wood which has just been held good after thirty years. Roberts' wife and relations had been urging him to make a will.

"Always pestering me to make a will," grumbled Roberts.

"Well, a man with a wife and eight children should make a will," said his neighbor, Mrs. H. C. Garland.

So Roberts, who was repairing his porch at 1712 Holland Avenue, The Bronx, snatched up a small block of wood, wrote his will in pencil and had Mrs. Garland and his sister, Lily Roberts, witness it. That was on March 18, 1903. Mrs. Roberts, treating it as a joke, put the will away. She, like most of the family, did not regard it seriously. But when Roberts died last Spring, the block of wood was the only will, and it proved good. It read:

"I leave all I own to my wife, Elizabeth Roberts, after all just debts are paid.

(Signed) "Edwin Roberts.

"Witnesses, H. C. Garland

"Lily Roberts."

Wills eccentric in form or in their contents have been made since civilization began. A great many people seem to think that a will is one place where a joke is sure to produce an effect.

The Earl of Pembroke, a prominent nobleman of the time of Oliver Cromwell, who had the worst of his dealings with that great man, said in his will:

"I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own."

Not many years ago the beautiful French noblewoman, Countess de Saint-Ange, bequeathed the skin of her lovely shoulders to Camille Flammarion, the noted author and astronomer, with instructions that it was to be used to bind a special copy of his masterpiece, "Heaven and Earth."

Many people have made use of their wills to satisfy old animosities. William Pym, a noted English Puritan and friend of some of the founders of New England, wrote in his will:

"To my wife I bequeath the vengeance of God and ten pounds."

E. J. Halley, of Memphis, Tennessee, made the following odd bequests:

"To the nurse who kindly removed one pink monkey from the foot of my bed, $5,000 00.

"To the cook who took the green snakes out of my broth, $5,000.00."

It has frequently been held that a will must be in writing, and the question once arose in an English court whether an engraving on a sheet of copper could be called "writing." It was so decided. Some years ago there was produced in an English probate court a plank of wood on which were scratched the testamentary dispositions of a shipwrecked naval officer. The piece of board, with its crude carving, was held to be a will duly executed.

Witnesses may be dispensed with if it can be shown it was impossible to secure them. Heinrich Roth, a well-to-do tradesman, committed suicide in Central Park, New York, and in his pocket was found a German story book, and on the back of the frontispiece was a carefully written will, which, though not witnessed, was admitted to probate, and the book preserved as carefully as any of the parchment testaments drawn by the shrewdest lawyers.

It is so long since "Mr. Meeson's Will" was published that many people do not remember it and it may be interesting to recall some of the details. Mr. Meeson was shipwrecked on a far-away island with two burly sailor-men and his beautiful niece, Augusta Smithers. The exposure in the open life-boat had been too much for the old man and when he landed on the desert island he was at the point of death. And he had a fortune of several millions back in England, which would go to people he hated if he did not make a will.

He wanted to bequeath his money to his favorite nephew, with whom he had quarreled, but for whom his affection had now returned. As he felt his end approaching he begged pitiably for pen and paper. But there was no pen and paper. He and the beautiful Augusta thought of writing the will in blood on white cloth, but there was no white cloth either. There was nothing on the whole desolate island to write with in the usual way. Time was short. Old Meeson's life was ebbing. How could his dying wish possibly be gratified?

Then Augusta noticed the brawny arms of Bill, one of the tars marooned with them. His arms were brilliantly tattooed from wrist to shoulder. Ah! An idea. The very thing. They would tattoo the will on the hide of one of the sailors. Examination showed that both the old salts were already so profusely tattooed with flags, flowers and mermaids, that there was no room on either of them for poor Mr. Meeson's will.

So old Meeson begged Augusta to let them use her back as a parchment. It was a cruel sacrifice to ask of her. She bit her lip and tears came to her eyes. She knew that her back was one of her greatest charms and was proud of it. She knew that when she submitted, she would be scarred for life, for no way had been devised to remove the marks of a tattoo needle. She could never wear evening gowns. It meant giving up much that a girl most prizes.

But the old man was dying. Bravely she bared her shapely white back and said, "Go on! Let's get it over as soon as possible."

With a fishbone and a sharp piece of wood for needles and the blood of a cuttlefish for ink, Bill set to work. Augusta set her teeth and endured the pain in silence. For nearly two hours Bill dug away, lettering these words in her skin:

"I leave my property to my nephew, Eustace Meeson."

Old Meeson held out his hand to Bill, who took it and gouged his name into Augusta's back, and the two sailors witnessed the will.

When this torture was over Augusta staggered into the hut and went off into a dead faint. When she reached England again the extraordinary will was duly probated after a lawsuit, in the course of which the judge had to study Augusta's back at length. Fortunately the heir under the will fell in love with Augusta and they lived happily ever afterwards on old Meeson's money.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

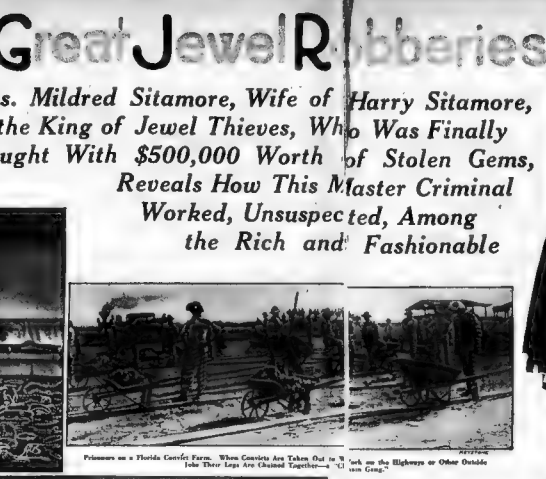
# Secrets of the Great Jewel Robberies

## *Mrs. Mildred Sitamore, Wife of Harry Sitamore, the King of Jewel Thieves, Who Was Finally Caught With $500,000 Worth of Stolen Gems, Reveals How This Master Criminal Worked, Unsuspected, Among the Rich and Fashionable*

Grace Moore, the Attractive Opera and Movie Star, Whose Jewels Were Stolen by Sitamore While She Was Visiting at Miami Beach.



Harry Sitamore Spread Out the $500,000 Worth of Jewels Which He Kept in a Tin Cash Box, and, Lifting Them One by One, Told the Detectives the Names of the Victims to Whom They Belonged. Sitamore Is Dressed in Natty Attire, With White Flannel Trousers, and Had Never Been Suspected as He Circulated Among the Rich and Fashionable Guests at the Big Miami Beach Hotels.



Prisoners on a Florida Convict Farm. Whom Convicts Are Taken Out to Work on the Highways or Other Outside Jobs Their Legs Are Chained Together—a "Chain Gang."

Mrs. Sitamore Says Her Husband Made a Silent Entrance Into the Opera Singer's Apartment and Noiselessly Approached the Sleeping Woman. But, in Spite of the Best Efforts of His Deft and Experienced Fingers, the Thief Was Balked by a Clasp Which Held the String of Pearls Tight.

By Mrs. Harry Sitamore

CHAPTER I

I HAVE fondled many hands and indeed, have worn for a brief moment $1,000,000 worth of jewels, in front of cameras in the last ten years—the world's most famous jewels.

My husband is the cleverest jewel thief in the world, and in the early morning hours as he returned from his enterprises we would watch processions, pride, unloaded his pockets spreading the sparkling proceeds of his night's labor on the table before me.

It was from the mansions on Fifth Avenue, the magnificent apartments of Park Avenue, from the notable estates at Palm Beach and Miami and the fashionable resorts of Europe that the wealthy owners of the gems were relieved of their fascinating adornments.

I have seen emeralds, gleaming pebbles of green fire that made me catch my breath when I realized that so much of the world's beauty could be captured in one small handful. I have wrapped huge ropes of matched pearls around my neck and stared at them as they hung in triple strands to my waist—soft, caressing, shimmering, pink tints of living loveliness.

But these dazzling gems were not for me. I knew that in a few hours they would pass from my fascinated gaze into the hands of some "fence," as the professional receiver of stolen goods is called.

Police in this country and in Europe call my husband "the Society Raffles." In that queer half-world where criminals gather he was the king of his trade. "King." He was more than that. He was the emperor of them all. He was Harry Sitamore, cream of the crop. There was no other like him.

Sneak thief. What queer ideas people who live in the good side of the law have of that name. Sneak thief! They confuse sneak with cringe, and "thief" with thug. They picture well-dressed men, scrawls, little haggard-as the skirts of convicts' bombers. How little they really know of what actually goes on what has been named "the underworld."

Sneak thief is a title in the clan of thieves. It depicts the man who depends on sheer cleverness to accomplish what others must fall back on guns and force to do. The newspapers called Arthur Barry "King of the Jewel Thieves" when he was sentenced to an upstate New York penitentiary.

Over $3,000,000 worth of jewels stolen by Barry were recovered, the police said, and they are still looking for $2,500,000 more which they believe he buried somewhere in Nassau County, Long Island. Four Emergency Relief road workers unearthed several thousand dollars' worth last year near Bonkonkoma, Long Island and some of them were jewels Barry had stolen.

Arthur Barry was a clumsy, strong-arm man, who depended upon violence and even gunplay to secure his loot. My husband never even carried a gun. He found one, once, in a jewel case he had stolen, and it bothered him for months.

"If I had been caught coming out of that room with that thing they might have thought I carried it in with me," he said.

It has been ten years since he married me. I was the daughter of a Kingston, New York, farmer, and had gone to New York City to enter the beauty shop business. In those ten years I have earned my diploma in the school of rackets through constant association with gangsters and thieves. They really big gangsters, and the really big thieves, we knew them not. In those ten years Harry operated in New York City, Newport, Paris, London, Berlin, Miami, Palm Beach, Jacksonville, Mexico City, Montreal, Vancouver, Antwerp, Vienna, and scores of way-stops in between, where society and society's jewels were to be found—and stolen.

In those ten years my husband gathered the $15,000,000 worth of jewels that I have fondled. His cash income was a fraction of the actual value of the jewels he stole, was large and we lived at the same hotels, crossed on the same ocean liners and in the same style as our wealthy victims.

Does Crime Pay? It pays big, in money, for the whole. But it can pay bigger for it in the end.

Harry Sitamore discovered them all, as in a Florida chain gang. At 17 he faces a sentence of forty years. Forty long years of hopelessness stretching ahead into the future like so many grim milestones on the road to death. A forty-year sentence is a long one. Seventy means a life sentence almost anywhere. A forty-year sentence on a 23-year-old man is a world to him. And those forty years mean more than death to me.

Freedom? Yes, I have that. At least I am not penned up behind bars or stone walls, nor am I chained to a gigantic mass of pulsating human ecstasis in the hot reek of some Florida swamp. But my husband is. The man I love faces sure, slow death. What is there ahead for me? Future? I have no future. It is all in the past.

Those ten years of golden harvest have been swept away. The proceeds of those jewel robberies have all been spent. I have seen the time when Harry would leave our home with empty pockets and return in a few short hours—even a few minutes—with those pockets bulging with jewels. Jewels worth a princely fortune (than many princes ever possessed). I have had my purse stuffed with thousand-dollar bills and a belt so heavy with them that I could scarcely move under the weight of those $100 bills. I have given them to waiters as tips. I have tossed them to bellhops for playing some favorite waltz just to soothe my jangled nerves while my husband was out on some job I felt was particularly hazardous.

What became of all that money? I would wonder myself, if I didn't know only too well.

Shyster lawyers, crooked politicians, grafting policemen, unscrupulous fences, underworld double-crossers, race horse gamblers, fixed roulette wheels, stacked card games—all of those and more got it. Harry risked his life to get that money and lost it almost as quickly as he made it. A successful crook is the biggest sucker alive. "Easy come, easy go." True, but believe me, it is true. All criminals are gamblers. If they weren't they wouldn't be criminals, for crime is the biggest gamble of them all, with the most precious possessions you have — life and freedom, at stake. And you always lose.

In the underworld there is as much professional caste as there is social caste in the world of society. Men of the professional soil of my husband do not associate with pickpockets, shoplifters, hold-up men or gangsters. They plan their undertakings with great care and patience and attempt only hauls that are worth while. That is why I came to know of the real story of nearly all the great jewel robberies in recent years—because they were the work of Harry Sitamore, himself, or others in our set in the underworld.

I know who engineered the greatest pearl robbery this country ever knew. I know who he did it. I'll tell you, later on. I knew Arnold Rothstein, head-man of the New York racketeers, whose name is still one to conjure with in the underworld, though he himself is dead, victim of a bullet, during one of those poker games played for fabulous stakes, that helped to build his name.

I will tell you some secrets about Arnold Rothstein before his life was blotted out. My husband was one of the few men Arnold Rothstein ever trusted. Of course Rothstein really had to trust Harry, because Rothstein was the greatest jewel fence in America at the time of his death.

I will tell you about the Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney jewel robbery, that never came off, and why it never came off. The Miami police may be interested in this. I'll tell you about a wealthy and respected New York society woman, who doesn't have to go so far back to find royal blood in her family tree—a woman who is on the guest list of the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Sitterburys, the Biddles and all the rest of the United States' greatest social leaders, who is the partner of several of the greatest jewel thieves in the country. If that woman reads this, she will know who I mean.

You may think it is a long call from your butler to your jewel case. It isn't. I'll tell you how a famous stage star's maid kept my husband from stealing a fortune in jewels. Neither the police, the actress, nor her maid, know it. I'll tell you how other servants acted as "fingermen" to point out and even aid in the theft of their mistresses' jewels.

I will tell you about one of the best-known society men in the country, who shot and killed himself because even the gamblers he called friends turned him down after he had arranged for the theft of his wife's pearls to pay off a $75,000 gambling debt. Whom did he owe? Arnold Rothstein.

The women do it, too. I will tell you of some women in society who have engineered the robbery of their own jewels to obtain money which their rich but miserly husbands refused to give them.

I'll tell you about the fences, Rothstein among them—the men who buy the plunder stolen by thieves, and how they buy it, what they pay for it, and how they dispose of it themselves. It is the fences who are the real "brains" of criminland. It is the fences who are the "masterminds" that direct the world's criminals. Many a crime is committed to order, the loot passed out far in advance, because the fence already has an order for just such loot. If it wasn't for the fences crime couldn't last. The police know that, but the fences are rich men.

I can tell you stories of millionaire jewel collectors—strange men who become the slaves of the dazzling baubles their wealth has purchased, and who, when they can't buy the gem that attracts them, commission jewel thieves to steal it for them.

I will tell you about the time my husband stole a drum from the orchestra pit at the exclusive Everglades Club at Palm Beach. There was a $250,000 pearl necklace hidden away inside that drum. That robbery was never reported to the police. Many of the best-known people of the country who were dancing at the Everglades that night never knew that a robbery had been committed.

I will tell you about the big jewel robberies of Europe, and how they were pulled off. I will tell you the kind of jewels thieves like to steal, and what kinds they can get the most money out of; what kinds are the hardest to sell, and why. I can tell you many other things about that place you call the underworld, that you have never heard before. When you have been the wife of the world's greatest jewel thief for ten years, you learn the answers to most of the questions. At least most of the questions about crime.

But if there is one thing I have learned in the experience it is that crime does not pay.

It is the little things that trip you up, the things you can't foresee—things that can't be planned out in advance, things you never even think of. With Harry Sitamore it was an emerald, a "good-luck" emerald that belonged to Grace Moore, the opera singer who had spent the 1933 Winter season at Miami, and my husband had amassed a collection of nearly $2,500,000 worth of stolen jewels in a very short time. He might have taken almost any other jewel in Miami save for that hateful emerald, and remained free. But he didn't know that. It was the sentimental attachment Grace Moore held for that ring that made it a "good-luck" token to her, and sent Harry Sitamore to the chain gang for forty years.

"It seems to bring me up here I sing," the opera star said, speaking of the emerald. After the beaut ful gem had been stolen. Of all the $2,000,000 worth of precious stones Harry took from the singer, it was the emerald she wanted back. She wanted it so badly that Mayor A. Frank Kalzentine, of Miami, her personal friend, told her he would get it back if he had to go out and look for it himself. That was what tripped Harry up. He hadn't known the sentimental value Grace Moore placed on that emerald ring its actual value, for that matter, was over $20 000.

There was one other queer thing Those were the first jewels Harry had ever stolen that were unassured. During all the ten years we had been married, he had never planned a job without knowing definitely that the jewels he sought were insured. He didn't want his victims to have to suffer the loss. He always had a touch that the theft of unassured gems would bring him bad luck. It is strange how superstitious a band of farming and crafty crook in the underworld will confirm this.

We were in Miami for "the 1933 season." We registered at one of the best hotels as the "Rothschilds" of Denver and Paris. Not the closest relations to THE Rothschilds, the famous bankers, but close enough, close enough that we were accepted into the best society in Miami Beach. During the Winter season that is the most interesting society in the world. We dressed the part, looked the part, and lived the part. A convincing front is the chief stock in a sneak thief's trade. My clothes were Paris models. Not the so-called Paris models every Summer tripper brings back to dazzle the folks along Main Street, but Chanel models, designed by Chanel especially and exclusively for me. Harry's clothes were the products of the world's best-known tailors. That is what society was. It is the outside appearance that counts. They never dig very far underneath. They are afraid to. Someone might start digging into the skeletons in their own closets.

It is really very simple to fool people, if you set out to do it. We went to Miami Beach with plenty of money. After a few days at the hotel we rented two of the swankiest places there. One was a suite at No 88 38 Harding Avenue, just two blocks from the fashionable Surf Club. We were often in the Surf Club, as the invited guests of a half dozen different wealthy people who were glad to have around with the "Rothschilds." The other place was a house at No 835 Meridian Avenue that formerly had been the home of Sally Milgrim, one of New York's most prosperous madames, and who also has another establishment on the Boardwalk at Miami Beach. We made Sally's place our actual home, but did quite a lot of entertaining in the smaller suite.

We knew the town from one end to the other. We had spent nearly every Winter there since our marriage. For several years I had operated Miami Beach's best-known beauty shop—Mildred's. That was quite in keeping with our status. I masqueraded as a wealthy woman who had taken up business as a diversion, and that was fashionable. Many of the women who came there were the most cherished of Harry's prospective clients.

The Fashionable and Luxurious Surf Club and Swimming Pool at Miami Beach, Where Mr. and Mrs. Sitamore Were Guests at Times.

"Dot" King, the Pretty Broadway Butterfly, Whose Murder Remains a Mystery. The Police Seized Sitamore, But Were Unable to Connect Him With the Crime, and Let Him Go Again.

But of them all, Grace Moore was the one whose gorgeous collection of jewels, particularly that emerald, most interested Harry. The opera singer wore the glittering baubles wherever she went. She carried a fortune in jewels with her at all times, and Miami was full of crooks. Banks were closing in all parts of the country. The depression was on. Money was just a word to most people. A good share of those who still did have money were gathered at Miami "doing the season." Most of the really big criminals of both this country and Europe were doing it, too, in hope of a windfall. Grace Moore's jewels were one of those prospective windfalls. Half the strong-arm men in town were planning to steal them, but it was Harry who got them.

We were in the Surf Club when my husband first saw the singer's emerald. It is part of a jewel thief's business to know stones. Harry could guess within a fraction the weight and value of any precious jewel from clear across a room. When he saw that emerald he gasped.

"Holy gee, Milka, look at that emerald," he whispered. Milka was his pet conversion of my name, Mildred.

I turned, and as I did, Miss Moore's eye caught mine. She smiled, and I waved. I knew her. We had played at baccarat and attended teas, and done all of the other things together that society does to pass the hours of the Winter season at Miami.

"Honey, that stone weighs 18 karats, and it is a beauty," whispered my husband. We were sitting at a table with two wealthy Chicago society matrons, and he couldn't let his interest in the ring be too obvious. As a matter of fact, 18 karats was not the largest emerald Harry had stolen, but there never was another like Grace Moore's. It actual y proved to be more than 17 karats, and flawless. Beauty. Even I, who had never stolen, coveted that ring coming out of green. It had ofo, and fire. It had personality. It seemed almost like some living thing. From the moment he saw it, Harry was determined to get it, and once he decided upon a job, even on the spur of the moment, as that one had been, it became an obsession with him. There was a sort of professional pride about it. I remember when I was beaten to the $350,000 jewel collection owned by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. He almost gave up the whole business. He felt like stopping, for at least a year.

For three weeks Harry shadowed Grace Moore. He was at her hotel, the Ocean View, when she left in the morning, and he never gave up until she returned at night. He learned her every habit, and her every routine. From the hundreds of skeleton keys that loomed so large as the tools of his trade, he found those that would unlock her hotel door, her trunk, her jewel case, and her dresser drawer. He was in her room a dozen times during those weeks just to familiarize himself with its plan. He knew more about Grace Moore than the singer would have remembered herself. But at the end of those three weeks he was no closer to those jewels than he had been at the start. The very thing that made her such an inviting victim to strong-arm men, saved her gems for her during those three long weeks. Why she wasn't "knocked off" by some gunman during that time, I never will understand. She never left her room without those stones. And Harry's usual scheme of work was to steal the jewels from a room during the owner's absence.

It was the first time I had ever seen my husband nervous over a job. He was irritable, he lost weight, and he was almost never at home. I finally urged him to give up the whole plan. It didn't seem worth all the effort. There were too many other stray jewels in Miami that could be had for the taking. But Harry had seen that emerald. There was no way to break his determination to have it.

"She must even sleep in them," he complained. "It looks like I'll just have to bust in on her and grab them off."

That was not his intention. Harry never, in all his years of thievery, resorted to violence. He didn't have to; he had brains. If you remember, the police tried to connect him with the celebrated "Dot" King murder nearly 10 years ago. The Broadway showgirl was robbed of $50,000 worth of gems before she was slain, but even the detectives who were attempting to trace the crime to my husband, knew he hadn't done it. Harry was well acquainted with both Dot King and Albert Guimares, her sweetheart, but he didn't have anything to do with that robbery.

It was the same thing when they tried to connect him with the death of Louise Lawson, another Broadway playgirl who had been given a fortune in jewels by the socially prominent and very much married New York citizen, who believed himself her light of love at the moment. The jewels sent Lou so Lawson to her death. She was found, strangled, in her apartment, under almost the same identical circumstances as Dot King had been found. And the pretty bauble which had led to her murder were gone. Detectives knew Harry had nothing to do with that. But they had to appear to be doing something.

In the case of Grace Moore, Harry finally became so impatient that he actually did enter Miss Moore's room while the singer was there. "I am going to find out if she does sleep in those damned jewels," he told me. I was frightened. Burglary was out of Harry's line. But he went. This will be the first time that Grace Moore will learn there was a "dress rehearsal" of the robbery that was to come.

I paced the floor during the long hour that Harry was gone. Believe me, I never was so relieved as when I heard his key turn in the door. He rushed up the stairs to our bedroom.

"She does, honey," he almost shouted, "she

Continued on Page 20

# The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

DAN TE[illegible] red-haired, [illegible] sister of [illegible] arrives at Wanga on the Dor[illegible] and is met by Malay [illegible] Kara Kara. [illegible] Yeo, a native [illegible] Dan [illegible] Sun [illegible] Yeo [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# "That's one luxury we can afford"

Everyone who has ridden in a General Motors car knows what a satisfying luxury Body by Fisher really is!

It's the only body known round the world by its own famous name — everywhere it gives genuine pride of ownership.

Some people, however, are still under the impression that only the well-to-do *can afford* Body by Fisher.

This mistaken idea persists, no doubt, because Fisher for so many years has created the palatial coachwork for America's most distinguished cars — Cadillac, La Salle, Buick.

The fact to remember is: anyone who can afford a new car at all, can afford the extra safety, comfort, luxury and long life of Body by Fisher.

BODY *by* FISHER

Chevrolet, for example—the world's finest low-priced six—is equipped with Body by Fisher.

Pontiac Straight Eight—the big car of the low-price field—is equipped with Body by Fisher.

Oldsmobile—beautiful all-feature six and eight—is equipped with Body by Fisher!

And *every single one of these cars*—from the least expensive to the costliest—gives you every major advantage that Fisher genius has produced.

All give you the extra *roominess* that Fisher introduced this year.

All give you Fisher's mature and beautiful version of streamlining.

All give you the same matched upholstery fabrics on seats and sides—a sure sign of unskimped value.

All give you deeply padded comfortable arm rests *both* front and rear—*even for the driver and his seat mate.*

All give you the FISHER kind of No Draft Ventilation—the only kind perfected by more than a year's use—and the only kind with drip shields over the front Ventipanes to keep out rain and snow.

All give you extra wide doors, built-in ash receivers, self-shielding keyholes in the streamlined door handles, and a host of other little luxuries that differentiate Fisher craftsmanship from the common.

More important still, all these General Motors cars give you the rugged, durable, built-in values that have been developed out of the greatest body-building experience and the largest body-building resources in the world — values that move so many experienced owners to say—

"Better pick the car with Body by Fisher."

*Chevrolet—in 10 body styles*

*Buick—in 21 body styles*

*Oldsmobile—in 13 body styles*

*La Salle—in 4 body styles*

*Pontiac—in 7 body styles*

*Cadillac—in 76 body styles*

GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

# She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### An Accident

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

**MASSACHUSETTS**
All Edison Shops

BOSTON
Arvedon Bros., Inc.
44 Portland St.
Clark & Mills Electric Co.
73 Newbury St.
Edwin C. Lewis, Inc.
121 Federal St.
J. B. Hunter Co.
60 Summer St.
Klarfeld Elec. Supply Co.
2 Portland St.
B. F. Macy
474 Boylston St.
A. Marks Co.
77 Summer St.
Mass. Gas & Elec. Light Supply Co.
191 Friend St.
Nutter & Cross, Inc.
99-A Milk St
Union Elec. Supply Co.
9-2 High St.
Vale Electric Supply Co.
8 Portland St.
Wilson Bros. Co.
28 Scollay Sq.
Edwin C. Lewis, Inc.
121 Federal St.
E. C. Dimock
261 Franklin St.
Charles H. Tenney & Co. Properties
Fitchburg Gas & Electric Co.
Gloucester Electric Co.
Haverhill Electric Co.
Exeter & Hampton Electric Co.
Malden Electric Co.
Suburban Gas & Electric Co.
Salem Electric Lighting Co.
Edison Electric Ill. Co. of Boston and branch offices
All Stores of the Connecticut Light & Power Co.

SOUTH BOSTON
Geo. W. McShane Co.
118 Dorchester St.

BEVERLY
Charles E. McQueeney
Greenlaw Electric Co.

BROCKTON
Edison Elec. Ill. Co. of Brockton
36 Main St.

CAMBRIDGE
Cambridge Electric Light Co.
E. M. F. Elec. Supply
450 Massachusetts Ave.
Eagle Electric Supply Co.
Russell R. Cameron
26 Brattle St.

CAPE COD
Cape & Vineyard Electric Co.

CLINTON
Wachusett Electric Co.
212 High St.

DORCHESTER
Eagle Electric Supply Co.
Greenwood & Erie Sts.

FALL RIVER
Horwitz Radio Store
1542 Pleasant St.
Mason Furn. Co.
116 Second St.
Fall River Electric Light Co.

FITCHBURG
Central Hardware Co.
621-623-627 Main St.
Fitchburg Hardware Co.
50 Laurel St.

FRAMINGHAM
Garino's Music & Radio Shop
61 Concord St.

FRANKLIN
Union Light & Power Co.

GLOUCESTER
Gloucester Electric Co.
102 Main St.

GREAT BARRINGTON
J. P. Tracy
Main St.

HOLYOKE
Preston & Bishop, Inc.
235 Maple St.

LAWRENCE
Treat Hardware Corp.
582 Essex St.
Lawrence Gas & Electric Co.
M. J. Sullivan, Inc.
226 Essex St.

LOWELL
Bon Marche Dry Goods Co.
Merrimack
Lowell Electric Light Corp.
29 Market St.

LYNN
Des Roberts Elec. Co.
48 Blake St.
C. V. Stockpole & Son, Inc.
27 Market St.

MALDEN
Malden Electric Co.
Bliss & Sage Electrical Co.
145 Pleasant St
Eagle Electric Supply Co.

MILFORD
Milford Electric Lt. & Pr. Co.
Reynold's Music Store

NEW BEDFORD
Chas. H. Cox Co.
Purchase St.
Mason Furn. Co.
705 Purchase St.
New Bedford Dry Goods Co.
152 Union St.
Rezendes Electric & Radio Co.
674 Pleasant St.

**The 1935 Model Toastmaster**

and Toastmaster Hospitality Tray. Complete with glassware, cutting block and 2-slice Toastmaster, $21.00. The Tray alone (for you who own Toastmasters now) is $8.50. The Toastmaster alone, $16.00. The Toastmaster, gleaming chromium. The glassware, crystal clear. The Tray and cutting block, choice of walnut, mahogany, or sycamore.

**. . . And A New Breakfast Tray!**

Same idea on a smaller scale for breakfast or small parties. Tray, complete with glassware and 1-slice Toastmaster—and a mighty fine toaster it is—for $15. The Toastmaster alone, $11.50. The Breakfast Tray alone, $6.

## THE 1935 MODEL TOASTMASTER AND TOASTMASTER HOSPITALITY TRAY

**Happy days are here again! Golden brown toast is popping from the lustrous new 1935 model Toastmaster. Tasty, tingly spreads are waiting. *Clip—clip* . . . and the toast is cut to good manners size.**

**The crowd increases. Everyone's hungry. Only Toastmaster could keep pace with appetites under such conditions.**

**Caviar or peanut butter, good old jam or a whittle of sausage, fancy Frenchy dainties or one of the smacking good cheese or meat spreads—what a lot of fun to make appetizers, little sandwiches, or just "snacks." And how many times it's just the thing—for bridge parties, teas, light suppers, with cocktails, or a bottle of milk or a glass of beer.**

**It's Toastmaster that makes possible the Hospitality Tray because only Toastmaster is fully automatic, so that anybody can make perfect toast every time, for *anybody*. Toastmaster has the patented Flexible Clock that *pops* up the toast, shuts off the current, and does it over and over again, as fast as you wish.**

**It's a new design Toastmaster, a new design Hospitality Tray. And plenty good-looking. Plenty. A toaster that can go right into the living room after a late night-before and an early morning chore at breakfast. And the tray! Why, certainly, use it with the Toastmaster or without. We don't care. It's made handsome for formal or informal times.**

**Look for the new 1935 Toastmaster and tray wherever good quality electrical appliances are sold. See the display with attractive food in the crystal clear glass dish. It will make you hungry, make you want this "something new"—something you must have for modern living.**

**Waters-Genter Company,** *(A Division of McGraw Electric Co.)* **Dept. N10, Minneapolis, Minn.**

Cherry & Co., Inc.
Purchase & William
New Bedford Gas & Edison Light Co.

NORTH ADAMS
R. R. Costine
13 Ashland
Isbell Electric Co.
92 Main St.
Boston Store
Main St.
Payne-Cumming-Hdwe. Co.
99 Main St.

NORWOOD
De Roma Bros.
666 Washington St.

PALMER
Central Massachusetts Electric Co.

PITTSFIELD
Elm Street Auto Supply
19 Elm St.
Fred D. Retallick & Co.
24 Dunham St.
Wallace Co
79 North St.
Electric Appliance Co.
56 South St.
Frank Howard Inc
Fenn & Federal Sts.

PLYMOUTH
Smith News Store
53 Main St.
Plymouth Electric Light Co.

QUINCY
Granite City Elec. Supply
27 School St.

Pettingell's Jewelry Shop
1402 Hancock St.
Eagle Electric Supply Co.
Quincy Electric Light Co.

READING
Mune, Light Dept.
177 Main St.

REVERE
Suburban Gas Elec. Co.
150 Beach St.

SALEM
Lee & Osborn
Daniel Low & Co., Inc.

SHELBURNE FALLS
E. D. Shippee
53 High St.

SOUTHBRIDGE
G. C. Winter Co.
330 Main St.
Worcester Suburban Electric Co.
Webster & Southbridge Gas & Elec. Co.
Eliot St.

SPRINGFIELD
Collins Electric Co.
92 State St.
Carlisle Hardware Co.
1548 Main St.
Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Main St.
Freedman's, Inc.
1212 Main St.
Meekins Packard & Wheat, Inc.
Main St.

TAUNTON
Bristol County Radio Co.
32 Weir

UXBRIDGE
Worcester Suburban Elec. Co.

WAKEFIELD
Gladwin & Foss
14 Albion St.
Russell Electric Co.
418 Main St.

WALTHAM
Middlesex Elec. Supply Co.
689 Main St.

WEYMOUTH
Weymouth Light & Power Co.

WILLIAMSTOWN
J. E. Vallencourt
51 Spring St.

WORCESTER
Duncan & Goodell Co.
Mechanic & Commercial Sts.
Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.
327 Main St.
W. H. Sawyer Lumber Co.
66 Lincoln St.
Worcester Electric Light Co.
Coghlin's, Inc.
280 Main St.

**CONNECTICUT**

GROTON
Groton Water & Elec. Dept.

HARTFORD
Brown Thomson & Co.
Dept. 10-1

G. Fox & Co.
Electrical Appliance—7th F
F. A. Metzger
16 Trumbull St.
Sage Allen & Co.
Elec. App. Dept.
The Babbin-Stewart Elec. C
210 Pearl st.
Wise South Co.
Housefurnishing Dept.
D. G. Stoughton Drug Co.
255 S. Whitney St.
Heublein Garage Co.
59 Gold St.
The Hartford Electric Light Co.
Albert Steegy Inc.
"The Gateway"

NEW HAVEN
The Sage-Al Co.
107 Church St.
Macy Goodman
250 So. Orange St.
The Edward Malley Co.
904 Chapel St.
Michelin, Inc.
926 Chapel St.
Gamble Desmond Co.
900 Chapel St.
Shartenbergs, Inc.
761 Chapel St.
John E. Bassett & Co.
754 Chapel
814 State St.
Consolidated Home Furnishing Co., Inc.
341 State St.
United Illuminating Co.
Temple St.

NEW LONDON
New London Lighting Fixture Co.
86 Bank St.
Connecticut Power Co.
Modern Elec. Co.
445 Bank St.

NORWICH
City of Norwich Gas & Electric Dept.

PUTNAM
Moss Electrical Co.
203 Main St.

SOUTH MANCHESTER
Manchester Electric Co.

WILLIMANTIC
Smith & Keon

**MAINE**

AUGUSTA
Central Main Power Co.
And branch offices

BANGOR
Home Radio Co.
9 Harlow St.
Freeses
Main St.
Bangor Hydro Electric Co.
And branch offices

BIDDEFORD
Cumberland County Power & Light Co.
233 Main St.

FARMINGTON
Maine Consolidated Power Co.

KENNEBUNK
Norton & Hanlen
Spiller Electric Co.

PORTLAND
Porteous Mitchell & Braun Co.
L. W. Cleveland Co.
441 Congress St.
Cumberland County Power & Light Co
567 Congress St.
419 Congress St.

PRESQUE ISLE
Maine Public Service Co.
And branches

SANFORD
Cumberland County Power & Light Co.
192-194 Main St.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

BETHLEHEM
Public Service Co. of N. H.

COLEBROOK
Public Service Co. of N. H.

CONCORD
Reliable Wiring Co.
34 Warren St.

CONWAY
Public Service Co. of N. H.

DOVER
J. P. Keenan Electrical Co.
407 Central Ave.
Twin State Gas & Electric Co.
And Branches
P. F. Casey Co.
199 Central Ave.

EXETER
Exeter & Hampton Elec. Light Co.

FRANKLIN
Public Service Co. of N. H.

GROVETON
Public Service Co. of N. H.

HANOVER
H. L. Colburne

KEENE
Public Service Co. of N. H.

LITTLETON
Richardson & Cameron

LEBANON
Grafton County Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.
No. Park St.

LACONIA
Public Service Co. of N. H.

LISBON
Public Service Co. of N. H.

MANCHESTER
J. J. Moreau & Son
1127 Elm St.
A. L. Franks & Co.
1146 Elm St.
Public Service Co. of New Hampshire
And branch offices

MEREDITH
Meredith Electric Light Co.
And branch offices

MILFORD
Public Service Co. of N. H.

NASHUA
Charles H. Austin, Inc.
178 Main St
Public Service Co. of N. H.

PETERBORO
Public Service Co. of N. H.

PORTSMOUTH
Hassett's Music Shop
Congress St.
New Hampshire Gas & Electric Co. and branches

TILTON
Public Service Co. of N. H.

WHITEFIELD
Public Service Co. of N. H.

**RHODE ISLAND**

AUBURN
C. L. Durfee
65 Rolfe St.

NEWPORT
Mason Furniture Co.
225 Thames St.

OAKLAND BEACH
A. E. Richards

PAWTUCKET
E. A. Lutz
88 East Ave.
Blackstone Valley Gas & Electric Co.
Main St.
Earl H. Mason
750 East Ave.

PROVIDENCE
Narragansett Electric Light Co.
Callendar, McAuslan & Troup Co.
Westminster St.
Kaplan Diamond Co.
Weybosset St.
Cherry & Webb Co.
Westminster St.
Narragansett Electric Co.
Westminster St.
Tilden-Thurber
A. W. Fairchild Co.
Arcade Bldg.
The Outlet Co.
The Shepard Co.

WESTERLY
South County Public Service Co.

WOONSOCKET
McCarthy's Dry Goods Co.
Blackstone Valley Gas & Elec. Co.
J. B. Farnum Co.
Monument Sq.

**VERMONT**

BARRE
C. W. Averill & Co.
Main St.
Green Mountain Power Corp.

BENNINGTON
H. H. Warren
532 Main St.

BURLINGTON
Green Mountain Power Co.
And branch offices
The G. S. Blodgett & Co., Inc.
190 Bank St.

MONTPELIER
Green Mountain Power Corp.
Montpelier Electric Co.
4 Langdon St.

RUTLAND
Twin State Gas & Electric Co.
And branches
Central Vermont Public Service Co. and branches

ST. JOHNSBURY
C. A. Calderwood, Inc.

WOODSTOCK
Woodstock Electric Co.

# She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

Wiley's message amongst the number?"

She nodded. "Yes. He's rather sweet."

There was a pause. Both looked at the little bundle of telegrams. Kent wanted to ask if one from Bob was amongst them, but he didn't dare.

Ann sensed what was in his mind, but she didn't like to tell him that there wasn't one before he had asked. Besides, it hurt her pride, and something far deeper than her pride. And yet, of course, he mightn't have heard. She clung on to that thought. Bob mightn't have heard.

"Kent, I didn't say anything stupid when you found me in the woods?" she asked presently with a small uncertain laugh.

He appeared surprised, but he didn't look at her.

"My dear child, what could you have said?"

A tiny flush mounted to her pale cheeks. "Oh, I don't know, but I was dreaming. Hallucinations, I think they call them. I thought I might have said something to you."

"Well, you did," he admitted. "What was it?" The flush was deeper now, and there was an oddly breathless quality in her voice.

"You said, 'Is that you, Kent darling. I'm so glad you found me.' I hope it wasn't an hallucination. I've been thrilled ever since at the thought you called me Kent darling." It grinned down at her attractively.

She laughed naturally, and with obvious relief. "But, of course, I meant it. You are 'Kent darling' to me. You always will be."

He bent over and kissed her hand, then patted it gently.

"Thanks, darling Ann."

It was some time later that afternoon, just when he was about to leave, that she asked the question which had been trembling on her lips all afternoon. "How's Bob, Kent?"

"I guess the young rascal is all right," he said. "I believe he's on an auto tour to Quebec."

"Oh." There was another pause. "And the girl, what's her name, Freda Miller, is she with him?"

Kent shook his head. "No, she isn't. I shouldn't be surprised if that affair comes to a very abrupt end, Ann. I don't think there's much in it."

"Oh," she said again, though it was more a sharp indrawn breath than a definite word. Then she glanced towards him as he stood over by the window. "What did you think of her, Kent?"

He started slightly, and ran a hand over his crisp curling hair. His lips twisted in rather a curious smile. "What I did think of her is one thing. What I do think of her is quite a different matter."

She looked mystified. "What do you mean, Kent?"

He smiled and crossed over to her bedside. "Little girls shouldn't ask too many questions. Especially little invalids who aren't supposed to talk much at all."

"What's happened, Ann?" Kent Demanded Tensely, Picking Her Up in His Arms. "Can you speak?"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### Another Broken Engagement.

BOB burst into the office where Freda sat typing, in his usual impetuous way. Big, broad shouldered, his light brown hair burnished by the sunlight he seemed to bring a breath of the open air in with him. He looked full of life and happiness, and incredibly well.

Freda's heart missed a beat when she saw him standing there. How could she bear to hurt him, as she knew she must when she told him that their engagement must end. And yet she felt very definitely that she couldn't go on with it. She was terribly fond of him, but his absence had shown her only too plainly that she didn't love him.

He stood just inside the doorway and held out his arms to her.

"My beautiful darling," he cried. "Gosh, it's great to see you again."

She didn't rush into his arms as he obviously expected her to. She went rather pale and, getting up from the desk where she sat typing, stood facing him, her white hands clenched behind her.

"It's fine to see you again, Bob," she returned quietly.

His nice, good-looking face expressed bewilderment and a hurt dismay.

"Well, you might be a little more enthusiastic about it, sweetheart. Here have I been pining for the sight of you for a whole ten days and when I come back you treat me as though I were a client casually dropped in with some work for you."

"You don't look as though you had been pining very greatly, Bob," she pointed out with a faint smile.

"The eye is the world's greatest deceiver," he retorted impertinently. "And you ought to have seen me mooning about post offices hoping for your letters to catch up with me. How my friends kidded me. And your letters never did catch up with me. Where are all those letters I'm sure you wrote me, darling?" He looked at her with mocking reproach in his eyes.

"I'm afraid I didn't write very many, Bob," she returned quietly.

"You're darned right, you didn't write many," he exploded angrily. But the next moment he was smiling again, a little hurt, a little unhappy, perhaps.

"Why didn't you write me often, Freda? You must have known how I would want to hear from you every day. I can't understand it, except, of course, that you've been busy. That's it, isn't it, sweetheart. You have been too busy?"

His voice deep, and slightly husky, implored her to agree and relieve his mind. But when she didn't speak his expression of puzzled bewilderment grew. He ran a hand through his thick brown curling hair, a trick he had picked up as a small boy from Kent, and came towards her. But he didn't touch her. He stood, some little distance from her, looking down at her, and suddenly he cried, as though the words were wrung from him.

"You're beautiful, darling. The most glorious creature in the whole world. I've never seen such hair. It looks as though it were alight. You can't realize how I've been aching to set eyes upon you again, how I've been longing to kiss you. And I haven't kissed you yet. Why haven't I? Don't you want me to kiss you, sweetheart?"

Again he held out his arms to her, and again they fell back empty to his sides. Freda didn't stir. Something unpicturesque like tears glittered in her eyes, but she blinked them back.

She must be strong about this. Yet how hateful it was to hurt him! He was such a dear and his warm-hearted impulsiveness, his unstinted admiration of her was so comforting.

"If I kiss you, Bob, it will be just as a friend," she said quietly.

He caught his breath sharply. A moment later he was over beside her, shaking her by the shoulders.

"What do you mean, Freda? What are you trying to say? But, of course, you don't mean anything. You can't. You couldn't be so cruel when I've been aching to see you so much. Darling, say it was all a joke. Say you're feeling a bit strange? Is that it, sweetheart? I," he laughed forcibly, "am feeling a bit strange myself. At least I am now. You've made me feel strange. What is the matter, my darling? Why didn't you write me?"

Freda glanced out of the window, out to where the sunlight fell on the shining white facade of a tall office building. She caught her lower lip between her teeth to prevent its trembling.

"I didn't write, Bob, because what I have to tell you I'd rather tell you to your face."

His own face whitened slowly under the ruddy tan on it. He thrust his clenched hands out in an appealing gesture.

But she went on resolutely:

"I can't go on with the engagement, Bob. I'm sorry, awfully sorry, but I can't."

He drew away from her sharply. Although he had guessed what she was going to say it hadn't minimized the shock.

"You can't mean that," he gasped. "But, Freda, I don't understand. When I went away everything was fine. It was wonderful. And I could have sworn you loved me. What can have happened to change you in such a short time?"

She shook her head slowly. "I didn't love you, Bob. I was wonderfully fond of you, but I didn't love you."

"I don't believe that," he cried harshly. "I know you loved me. Somebody's been at you, Freda. You're not doing this of your own free will."

Suddenly his eyes blazed fiercely and his young face hardened. "Yes, someone's been getting at you, and I know who it is. Dad's been at you, hasn't he? He's turned you against me. I'll get even with him for this!"

"Bob, your father has had nothing to do with it," Freda cried. For some reason there was genuine panic in her voice. "You must believe that."

But Bob refused to listen to her.

"Of course you would deny it," he stormed. "I'd expect you to. But what else can have accounted for the change in your feelings? Oh, he's clever. He's persuaded you that it would be a mistake to marry me."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Bob," Freda cried hotly. "I told you before, my decision has nothing to do with your father."

"But you've seen him, haven't you?" he growled. "You can't deny that."

"I'm not likely to deny it," she retorted. "I have seen your father. He called at my flat one afternoon."

Bob's face darkened, his hands clenched, his lips twitched furiously.

"The cad!" he cried. "I knew he was after you for himself ages ago. And now, when I've been away, he's succeeded in getting you."

Now Freda was furious, really furious. She stamped her foot at him in her rage. Her red hair blazed like her temper.

"That's an utter lie. He isn't after me for himself. How can you imagine such a thing? Why, he hasn't the slightest interest in me except as far as you're concerned. If you want to know what he called to see me about, he called to ask about you."

"As if I'd believe that!"

"You must," she insisted.

Suddenly it seemed to her desperately urgent he should believe it. She was remembering what Kent had said that afternoon he called at her apartment.

She had sensed strongly at the time how galling it must have been for him to ask her, a practical stranger, to intercede for him with the son he adored. And somehow, despite all she had suffered at his hands his request had made her feel quite differently towards him. Anyhow she no longer hated him.

Bob went on arguing. His hurt pride and his love forced him to, coupled with a strong resentment against his father. It is odd that we can feel the fiercest resentment against those of whom we are most fond.

All at once Freda grew desperate. Somehow she must prove to him quite clearly that Kent had nothing to do with her breaking the engagement. But how could she when he wouldn't listen to reason? Suddenly she remembered Clive. If she told him how Clive had come back into her life then he must believe that Kent wasn't responsible.

"Listen, Bob," she cried, her patience in tatters, "if you insist upon knowing why I don't want to go on with our engagement I'll tell you. Years ago there was a man in my life whom I loved very deeply. He married someone else but she died recently and he has come back into my life again. That's the truth."

It took Bob some time to digest this, and even when she had given him more details he was still incredulous.

"But, Freda," he protested, "even if you did love this man once, that doesn't signify anything. You can't make me believe that directly you saw him you fell in love with him again. Why, that's absurd. It would be like backing a cold mutton. No, I'm sure you're just trying to sidetrack me. I'm certain father's at the bottom of it. And I'll never forgive him now, never." His teeth set. He looked fierce and stubborn.

Freda felt desperate. It was queer she should feel so desperate about it. Why should it matter to her if Bob should hate his father? But it did. Perhaps because Kent and she were friends. He had asked her to be his friend that afternoon in her apartment, and for some curious reason his request had made her happier than she could have imagined possible. She didn't try to analyze why this should be. Maybe she didn't dare.

"But you must believe me, Bob," she insisted, a little hoarsely. "You don't realize how much you mean to Kent. Why, you're the only thing he really cares about in the whole world. You must make it up with him. He'll be terribly unhappy if you don't."

"You seem very solicitous about my father. I thought you hated him," Bob pointed out, not without sarcasm.

Unaccountably a flood of crimson invaded her cheeks. "I admit I did once, but I don't any longer," she said.

"No?" he insisted harshly. "Then it is as I said. He's been playing up to you, and you've fallen for him. I always knew he was very attractive to women. There's no other explanation. This man you've dragged into it, the one you say you used to be in love with, is only a blind. I thought he was the very first time you mentioned him."

But now Freda's patience was thoroughly exhausted. "But I swear to you, Clive isn't merely a blind," she insisted wearily. "That's absurd. He asked me to marry him the other night and I'm thinking of accepting him."

Bob started. His face paled, then crimsoned angrily. He didn't speak for some minutes, then he said hoarsely: "So we're getting at the truth at last, are we? You want to marry this other fellow, Clive. What's his other name?"

"Durant. Clive Durant."

"And I'm in the way, or rather our engagement is in the way, so you've broken it. Or, perhaps, you haven't even waited to break our engagement before getting engaged to him."

Freda caught her lower lip between her teeth. But she didn't deny it. It was easier, she felt, not to deny it. "Oh, Bob, need you be so bitter?" she cried. "Can't we at least part friends? I should feel so much happier."

"Yes, you would feel happier, because your conscience would be clearer," he stormed angrily. "But what about me? You don't seem to have thought about me, about my feelings, in this whole affair."

"Haven't I? Perhaps I haven't," she said. Her voice trembled slightly. There was no use telling him in his present mood of the long night hours she had spent worrying about just how he would feel.

"I can see darn well you haven't," he accused. "But don't think I'm going to stand in the way of you and your happiness." He brought out the last word with incredible bitterness. Only the young can be so very bitter on occasions like this. "Of course I'll clear out gracefully and leave you to marry this Clive Durant. I'll even wish him joy of you!"

"Thanks, Bob." Her voice was quiet and controlled. "Then there's no more to be said."

He bowed to her, mockingly ironic. "Nothing at all."

He turned and was about to stalk out of the room when a man appeared in the doorway.

"Hello, my dear Freda." Clive Durant said, "I hope I'm not intruding, but I found the door on the latch and walked straight in."

"No, you're not intruding, Clive," she returned, "Bob was just leaving."

At the name "Clive" Bob started and stared at the intruder. His color rose furiously under his tan.

"Oh," he remarked. "This is my fortunate rival, is it? Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Clive Durant. Freda has just been telling me the good news, that you and she are engaged."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1934, by Maysie Greig
All Rights Reserved.

## Twelve Minutes of Terror in the Old Well

THE old well out in the back yard at the home of Mrs. Norvella Pearce, of Johnson City, Illinois, had not been used in a long time. Years ago, it had been boarded over, but the planks had rotted.

The other day Mrs. Pearce went out into the back yard to pick plums. Her three-year-old son was with her—also a neighbor and his wife.

"Now you keep away from that old well," she warned the child. But she went over there herself, because the best plums were on a tree that grew near the well.

"And look out for snakes," she added—then laughed: "Snakes are one thing I just can't even bear to look at."

Several plums near the end of a limb that dangled directly above the old well tempted Mrs. Pearce. As she stood on the ground, they were just out of reach. So she stepped up onto the well curbing and raised her hand toward the limb. The next moment the planks underneath her feet sagged, cracked, and snapped—then gave way. Mrs. Pearce shot down feet first, as if dropping through a trap door—a look of terror on her face, as she made one frantic grasp at fragments of decayed wood.

It was black and quiet in the well—the neighbor stared down through the jagged hole but could not see anything or hear anything at first. Although the well was only about 12 feet deep, and Mrs. Pearce had landed on her feet, the fall had knocked the breath out of her.

"She'll drown!" cried the neighbor's wife, but he replied: "No, I think it's dry. Get a rope, a clothes line — something, quick." He reached his arm down as far as he could and said: "Stick your hand up—are you hurt?" A dazed voice came back: "No—I don't think so. I—I can't reach you."

By that time Mrs. Pearce's eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she saw something that caused her to give a blood-curdling scream: "Snakes! Get me out of here! Get me out of here!" The neighbor's wife ran around looking for a rope, but there was no rope in sight.

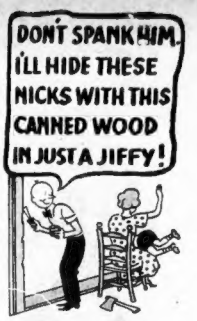
There was no water in the well, but the bottom and the sides were moist and clammy. In front of Mrs. Pearce, a nest of water moccasins began to hiss and squirm, as they disentangled themselves. They raised their heads, disturbed by the intruder's shrieks, and shot out their pointed tongues. Mrs. Pearce backed away, as far as she could.

A frog hopped over her foot, brushing across her instep. Her hands came into contact with the wall of the well—and beetles clung to them. One of the moccasins writhed out of the nest, and crept toward her. She held her breath—too terrified to scream any longer. She edged along the wall. The snake raised its head, and swayed, following her movement.

In backing away from the snake that was creeping toward her, she let the heel of her shoe touch another snake, which whipped around and darted between her feet. The snake, which had been about to strike, was startled by the other one, and flung itself back toward the nest. Then it raised its head and started forward again. Mrs. Pearce clawed at the wall but it was too slimy for her to climb out unassisted. It seemed as if she had been in the well for hours. She closed her eyes and waited for the snake to strike—there was nothing else to do.

Then she felt someone grasp her. She looked up. Several men who had been summoned by the neighbor's wife had formed a human ladder, clinging to each other. They drew her up—she had been in the well for 12 minutes. As soon as she was safe, she collapsed. She had a complete nervous breakdown. She thought snakes were writhing over her body. Her women friends finally had to remove all of her clothing to convince her that there were no snakes clinging to her.

DON'T SPANK HIM. I'LL HIDE THESE NICKS WITH THIS CANNED WOOD IN JUST A JIFFY!



It's Amazingly Easy to Use

Home owner's delight! That's what they call this amazing canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood you can carve, paint, drive nails or screws into. It makes repairs around the house—a broken chair, loose caster, hole in floor, loose drawer pull, wood-rot, cracks in wood—easy and simple to repair. It's PLASTIC WOOD. And you'll say it's wonderful when you try it. Sold in 9 colors by paint, hardware, department stores. 25c a tube, 35c a can.

PLASTIC WOOD

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

ONLY 15c NOW
FOR QUICK-ACTING
BAYER ASPIRIN!

TINS OF 12 TABLETS NOW 15c

BOTTLES OF 24 TABLETS NOW 25c

NEW PRICES IN EFFECT AT ALL DRUG STORES THROUGHOUT THE U. S.

BAYER Safety and Quick Action Now Within Reach of Everyone!

If you're one of the people who has been denying yourself the speedy action and safety of BAYER ASPIRIN, in order to save a few cents, here's Good News for you:

We've reduced the prices on all sizes of Genuine Bayer Aspirin to a point that makes it unnecessary to accept anything else in place of the real BAYER article you want.

People by the millions, as you know, have long been willing to pay the former higher price in order to enjoy *BAYER'S* fast action in relieving headaches, neuralgia — pain. Now—you can enjoy its benefits without thought to cost!

**Only 15c now for 12**
**25c for Two Full Dozen**

Remember this next time you go to buy aspirin. And do now what millions are doing: Be *sure* you get Genuine BAYER Aspirin. Never ask for it by the name "aspirin" alone; but always say "BAYER ASPIRIN" when you buy.

On sale now at new low prices — including the 100-tablet bottles, which have again been lowered in price—at all drug stores throughout the United States.

Price of the 100-tablet bottles again reduced!

*Why Bayer Aspirin Works So Fast*

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

ALWAYS SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" NOW WHEN YOU BUY

American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# *See what* BOB CRANE *and* MARY ELLIS AMES *have for you!*

**BOB CRANE,** young lawyer who has endeared himself to thousands who listen to the real life drama, "Today's Children."

**MARY ELLIS AMES,** famous home economist. Hear her on Pillsbury's "Cooking Close-Ups."

# $10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

**MERELY FOR THE BEST NAME FOR BOB CRANE'S FAVORITE DESSERT. SIMPLE. EASY. A LOT OF FUN—AND A LOT OF PRIZES!**

## FIRST PRIZE $3,000.00—617 OTHER CASH PRIZES!

**Free Membership in Pillsbury's Cookery Club to every entrant who requests it! Contest closes Oct. 15, 1934**

YOU all know about Bob Crane's favorite dessert, if you listen to "Today's Children" on your radio—for Bob wants it every time any of Mother Moran's family has a party! And you've probably heard Mary Ellis Ames, in Pillsbury's "Cooking Close-Ups," say she's never tasted anything more delicious!

Here's a picture of this famous dessert, over at the right . . . and the recipe right beneath it.

*Give us a name for it . . . and you may open your mail box some morning before long and find a check for $3000!*

It'll be fun to try. It'll be *wonderful* to win. Just think of some simple, easy name. You may think of something which suggests that the recipe has been handed down, such as "Heirloom Dainties" or a name that describes the dessert itself — such as "Pineapple Delight." Or the name of some person, city, or country. Prizes will be awarded for names which can be easily pronounced and remembered, and which will bring to a person's mind the most pleasing idea of the dessert. There are all kinds of good names . . . think how wonderful it would be if the judges should decide that yours were best! Think what you could do with $3,000.00! And don't forget there are 617 other cash prizes.

### *Here's all you do*

Write down the name you pick, together with your name and address, and attach a grocer's sales slip showing the purchase of a bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour. Submit as many names as you like. To assure fairness to all entrants each name submitted must be accompanied by a grocer's sales slip. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Dept. AW, Minneapolis, Minn., on or before October 15, 1934.

### *Every entrant can become a member of Pillsbury's Cookery Club—FREE!*

As a member, you receive free every month for three months a beautifully illustrated eight-page bulletin, containing the sort of expert cookery help you don't find in ordinary cook books or pamphlets. New, easy recipes. Seasonable, unusual menus. Original ideas for entertaining. All planned to fit any kind of budget. Women who are already members say Pillsbury's Cookery Club is the most helpful idea of its kind they've ever found. When you enter this contest, you are entitled to a special three months' free membership, simply by asking for it! When you send in your entry, simply state that you'd like to join the Cookery Club. It is free, to all entrants who request it.

### DOESN'T THIS LOOK GOOD?

*See those crisp slices of pineapple, their tangy flavor mellowed and richened by brown sugar and butter? The cherries and pecans peeping through? And, underneath, a rich, tender cake, baked just to a turn. No wonder Bob loves this dessert. You'll love it, too. Here's the recipe:*

Recipe makes 8 individual cakes.

| | |
|---|---|
| TEMPERATURE: 375° F. | TIME: about 25 minutes |
| ¼ cup butter | 2½ teaspoons baking powder |
| ⅔ cup brown sugar | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 8 small slices pineapple | ¼ cup shortening |
| 8 maraschino cherries | ½ cup sugar |
| ½ cup pecan nutmeats | 1 egg, unbeaten |
| 1½ cups PILLSBURY'S BEST Flour | ½ cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla extract | |

1. Melt butter; add brown sugar; stir well. 2. Pour sugar mixture equally in bottoms of eight large, well buttered, fluted moulds. 3. Place slice of pineapple, well drained, over sugar mixture; a whole cherry in center of pineapple; and a few pecan nutmeats around flutes of mould. 4. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. 5. Cream shortening; add sugar; beat well. 6. Add egg; beat vigorously. 7. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and flavoring; mix well. 8. Pour batter over prepared fruit in individual pans. Bake in moderate oven. 9. After baking, allow to stand about five minutes before inverting on serving plate. 10. Serve warm with whipped cream, if desired.

### RULES OF CONTEST!

1. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight of October 15, 1934.
2. When you buy your sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour, get a sales slip from your grocer, and attach it to your entry. Or, attach a reasonably accurate, colored hand-drawn facsimile of the Pillsbury's Best label.
3. Judges are Dorothy Marsh, Good Housekeeping Institute; Beulah V. Gillaspie, McCall's Magazine; Bess M. Rowe, The Farmer's Wife. Their decision is accepted as final by all entrants.
4. All winners agree to permit the use of the winning names together with their own names and addresses and pictures in advertising.
5. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. Contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and its advertising agency, and professional home economists.
7. Please indicate on your entry if you wish to become a member of Pillsbury's Cookery Club.
8. All entries must be addressed to Mary Ellis Ames, Contest Dept. AW, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

## 618 CASH PRIZES

**1st PRIZE, $3000.00 2nd PRIZE, $1000.00 3rd PRIZE, $500.00**
**4th to 8th PRIZES, $100.00 9th to 18th PRIZES, $50.00**
**19th to 68th PRIZES, $25.00 69th to 168th PRIZES, $10.00**
**169th to 618th PRIZES, $5.00**

# Secrets of the Great Jewel Robberies—*By Mrs. Harry Sitamore*

(Continued from Double Page)

sleeps in them. At least she sleeps in the finest string of matched pearls I have ever seen. Lord only knows where they have been. I never saw them before, but they are beauties. They must be worth half a million."

"Well, where are they?" I asked, feeling sure he had them in his pocket. Harry's face fell.

"I couldn't get them," he admitted. "She has a clasp on them that couldn't be opened with a cold chisel. She almost woke up on me while I was trying to take them from around her neck."

And Harry, despite his anxiety to secure that emerald, was too good a business man to turn down a half million dollars' worth of pearls, even though pearls are the hardest of all stolen gems to dispose of and bring the least profit to the thief. They are too easily identified. He had simply left the $81,000 worth of jewels that were in full sight, on the singer's dresser, and quietly made his getaway—to await some other time when he could get the pearl necklace along with the rest of his loot. The strange part was that the pearls were paste. Even Harry, expert as he was, couldn't tell that by the light of the moon, as he examined them on the throat of the sleeping woman.

After that dress rehearsal the shadowing began again. All Harry wanted was a chance to spend ten minutes alone in that room with the jewels there. He finally got the chance. Miss Moore and her husband, the good-looking Valentine Parara, motion picture actor and director, went in swimming, and the singer didn't wear her jewelry on her bathing suit. It was the first time she had left them alone in the entire month Harry had followed her. It took him less than five minutes to get them—gems worth $81,000, including the emerald. But when he returned home he was crestfallen.

"She sleeps in paste," he said. "Those pearls were phony. I could tell it from across the room when I saw them in the daylight. And her husband's cuff links were glass. I left them and the pearls, and I wasted a week."

The newspapers scanned the story in big headlines a few hours later. Her jewels were not insured, and she actually lost nearly $25,000 through the robbery, despite the fact that many of her gems, including the emerald, were returned to her after my husband's arrest.

After Harry was arrested, Miss Moore and I met one day at the jail. Despite the fact that she knew me then to be the wife of a sneak thief—a sneak thief who had made her his victim—she smiled and talked to me with just the same good grace she had when she believed me to be a wealthy, well-born woman. Grace Moore is a real sport.

Of course, it was a stool pigeon who was really responsible for Harry's arrest. Stool pigeons solve 95 per cent of the nation's crimes. There aren't very many real detectives. There is no detective in America like those you read about. The Miami police had been frantic. Harry had been doing job after job right under their noses. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels had been stolen, and they were jewels owned by people who really amounted to something, the kind of people whose complaints the police can't laugh off. But somebody in New York finally tipped off Harry's game. There were New York detectives and Pinkerton operatives there when my husband finally was arrested. They weren't there by accident. And they weren't there through any particular sleuthing powers of their own. Somebody "ratted," to use the criminals' term. I don't know yet who it was.

When the detectives arrived at our home, days after the Moore robbery, Harry knew the whole game was up. He let them in himself. The newspaper reports said I fought them off to give him time to destroy some incriminating documents. It would be a little funny to think of one woman fighting off six fairly large detectives and the mayor of Miami. As for incriminating documents—what could have been so incriminating as the jewels Harry had hidden in the house? You can't destroy a diamond very readily. Harry let them in, and joked with them. He made no dub to try and put up the front of an indignant householder. He knew it was the end. My husband led the detectives to our bedroom.

"Here it is, gentlemen," he said. "I guess this is what you are looking for."

"This" was a ten-cent tin box. It contained half a million dollars' worth of stolen gems. Some of them were the finest examples of their kind in America. They were wadded together as so much trash. Believe me, those officers' eyes blinked. They should have.

I doubt if there were many finer private jewel collections in America at the time.

The hardest thing about the whole arrest, the thing that hurt me most, and I think hurt Harry most deeply, too, was that Mayor Katzentine was with the detectives when they came to our home. True to his word, he had hunted down that emerald himself. We had been at many fine homes where the mayor, too, had been a guest. I don't think that, even when Harry handed him that tin box with its glittering fortune, he could realize that the "Rothschilds" actually were fraud—that my husband was the thief he had promised Grace Moore to catch. The Mayor seemed far more upset than Harry was. At the trial, Harry pleaded guilty. He told the court of every crime he had committed in Miami. He made every effort to return the jewels he had stolen, with the exception of those few that had been disposed of to fences to pay our expenses during that disastrous campaign. Mayor Katzentine himself asked leniency for my husband because of the manner in which he had submitted to arrest, and the way he had aided in the restoration of the stolen gems to their owners.

But the judge found Harry guilty on four charges of "breaking and entering with criminal intent," and sentenced him to serve twenty years on the chain gang for each of the offenses. Two of the twenty-year terms were to run concurrently with the other two, making a total of 40 years in all as the price my husband had to pay society for the first real failure in his criminal career. Just one failure means the end in the dangerous business of thievery.

I think that the interview given out by Grace Moore when she learned her emerald had been recovered, hurt Harry more than the sentence. I think it almost reconciled him to the slow death that faces him. It was the worst blow his pride had ever suffered. The opera singer had actually known she was being shadowed but thought Harry simply a harmless masher! I was sitting in his cell, with him, when he read that newspaper story. His face was crimson.

"I had a triple thrill," the singer told reporters. "It was my first trip to Florida, and it was the first time my jewels had been stolen. I gave up all hope of ever getting them back when I learned that throughout my stay in Miami I had been surrounded by a bunch of high-powered New York gangsters. But Mayor Kazentine, who is a friend of mine, said he would get the jewels back, even if he had to go out and look for them himself."

"Then I got another real thrill when I learned my gems had been recovered. They tell me this man Sitamore gave away a few trinkets, but I don't care for that. All I care a great deal about is my emerald ring—and believe me that was no trinket. It has always been my lucky talisman. It seems to uplift me when I sing.

"I had seen Sitamore following me around for weeks, but I thought he was just another masher. He seemed such a harmless little man to me that I didn't even bother to call him to the attention of my husband, let alone the police."

"A harmless little man." This of Harry Sitamore, the greatest jewel thief of modern times. Harry had always believed his shadowing was done so expertly that his victims were never even aware of him. I don't think he would ever have wanted to face his friends in New York with that tag hanging to him—"a harmless little man."

That was the end. It is wrong, I suppose, to start my narrative with its end, but that end is so new to me, so vividly clear in my mind, that I want to get it over with before going on to tell of the other big jewel robberies that Harry and others of our set in the underworld have participated in during the ten years that I knew the inside of the jewel thief's racket as the wife of the king of them all. Sometimes it simply doesn't seem possible that so much could have happened during those ten years, and so little could remain. It seems like some very dream, which will end. I have learned a lot about crime in those ten years. But I am paying for it now.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

**Corns**

*Lift Right Out!*

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens all pain—and soon makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out. Hard corns or soft—all are quickly ended by FREEZONE. Calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk in comfort!

**FREEZONE**



**DIESEL** $

THE NEW OPEN DOOR TO SUCCESS

LEARN DIESEL ENGINES NOW!

DON'T WAIT! DIESEL is the big, new field for trained men. Diesel jobs ... more opportunities. LEARN DIESEL IN OUR BIG, NATIONAL-LY RECOMMENDED DIESEL SCHOOLS and SHOPS. More engines ... more successful Diesel users than Gas. Get FREE book, "Diesel Power." Tear out this ad.

Desk W Systems Diesel Engineering Div. and Night Desk W Systems Diesel Air Conditioning

MEMPHILL DIESEL ENGINEERING SCHOOLS, Inc.

2120 SAN FERNANDO ROAD, LOS ANGELES
P. O. BOX 141, CHICAGO — P. O. BOX 592, OKLAHOMA CITY
309 WESTLAKE N., SEATTLE — 1092 HOWE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.
A 47-YEAR'S RISE EMPLOYMENT HELP

AMERICA'S ORIGINAL EXCLUSIVE DIESEL TRAINING SCHOOLS


# *The Mating of Dan Yeo*

By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 14)

know then that what has come to pass is what has been long looked for, since it was thus that in the old days the will of Danyo was done, and no man stirred abroad."

"By thunder! If the girl can corral them up—"

Yeo checked the little man with a gesture.

"Yes!" he said. "That will be true wisdom. Go, Elespeth, give them the ancient warning."

"No! Wait a minute! Keep her, Dan. There's a message to send to the serang. A couple of rifles and some shells would come handy if that old obeah-man and his crowd were to start a rough house again. Let me scrawl a note. The girl can carry it. Just as well to do it, anyhow, or we'll have Melchior thinking we're scuppered and vamoosing with the schooner, or else starting an unholy row on his own. He has the sand for either."

He took out a pocket book, blocked the message with a stub-by pencil then tearing the leaf out folded it and handed it to Yeo.

"Tell her who to give it to. She'll sure do it for you. That's the beauty of being a heathen deity. You can get your bloomin' way, every time, once the fact has sunk home."

He chuckled as he made his jest, and Yeo frowned, but gave the girl the necessary instructions and when she moved away, he accompanied her to the doorway, and stood watching her as she passed down the grove. As she went two or three of the wonder-birds dropped like sapphires from the tree-tops and hovered around her, as about a friend. He watched until she disappeared in the cleft that seemed to be the only entrance and exit of the valley, and when she was lost to sight, he still stood there with the light of dreams in his blue eyes.

A noise behind him caused him to look round at last. Cardon, with a closed pocket knife was engaged in tapping the basaltic pedestal of the image, searching, as he divined, for any secret it might hold. A grim came on his face at the sight, and broadened as the other, unconscious of his observation, climbed the pedestal like a monkey and continued his tapping operations on the image itself.

"The little pirate!" he whispered. "Hunting for spoil!"

He turned away and again stared down the grove. His eyes once more became thoughtful. Would Elespeth be able to assert the mystic authority of a dead man, or would old Melchior's hostility prove too much for her to overcome? Almost he regretted that he had allowed her to go. He should have gone after her to see that no harm befell her. But, possibly after all, she would manage the business better by herself. He could scarcely have left Cardon alone in the valley; and he was beginning to think that in dealing with the Islanders the little man's centumcludeness did not make for peaceful relations.

A clashing noise within the temple swung him to the right about once more. Cardon he saw had discovered the brass box under the altar and was engaged in trying to open it—endeavoring to pick an ancient lock with his clasp knife. He watched him with amusement for plainly the small chest was a hard nut to crack. He saw him prying with the knife, caught a snapping sound and knew that the blade had broken. With an oath Cardon flung the useless knife from him, and then in sheer exasperation picked up the box and flung it at the statue's head.

This unconsidered act, the fruit of a sudden flash of temper, achieved what deliberate and purposed endeavor had failed to do. The violent impact burst the lock, and as the chest dropped to the floor its lid sprang open and something rolled out. He saw Cardon stoop to retrieve it, and with sharp curiosity for spur, himself hurried into the temple. By the time he reached him, the other was standing in the full blaze of the sunlight, examining the thing in his hand with wondering eyes.

"What is it, Cardon?" he asked sharply.

"Heaven knows. A roll of parchment by the look of it, and wrapped in some sort of greased leather. Maybe 'twill give us the secret of this dime mystery, which leaves me guessing every time. Got a knife, Dan? Well maybe teeth will do the work, though I'll swear this leather will be poisonous."

The roll was tied about with a thong, so tightly that it was impossible to slip it; and as the knot defied his experienced sailor fingers he began to gnaw at the thing—to cut it. Three or four minutes elasped, before he spat on the floor, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"Done it, Jupiter! Now we'll see!"

He stripped the leather covering from the parchment, and began to unroll the latter. Before it was perfectly open he was already reading, and suddenly he broke out.

"Here's the key of the mystery, or I'm a Dutchman!"

His eyes traveled instinctively to the signature at the bottom of the roll, then an ejaculation broke from him.

"Flames of the Pit!"

"What is it, little man?"

"Look there, old son!" Cardon exclaimed. "At the signature. Try and believe your eyes, though I'll wager you never will."

Wonderingly, Yeo stooped over the parchment made as he could see from the skin of some creature. Then he gave a whistle of sheer amazement. The signature was a sprawling one, badly written by a cramping hand and in an ancient script, and as he stared he spelled the name again to make sure there had been no mistake. There it was, burning his eyes almost as he stared—his own name—Dan Yeo, written by some hand in a dark vegetable ink, which, enclosed in the box and kept from the air, had defied the ravaging years, and showed as black and clear as on the day in which it was first penned, a thing even more startling than anything that had befallen since the mystery had begun to shape itself into strange and unquestionable truth.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1931, by Otwell Binns. All Rights Reserved.

# Delicious Autumn Recipes

*By Mary Lee Swann,*
*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

### Fruit Relish (Excellent with Meats).

PASS 1 orange, 1 pound cranberries and 6 red apples (cored but not pared) through fine meat grinder. Add 1 pound sugar and mix well. Put in a glass jar, cover and set in cold place for at least 24 hours.

### Delicious Sandwich Bread (For School Lunches).

TO 1 CUP scalded milk add 2 tablespoons lard or butter, 3 tablespoons molasses, and 1½ teaspoons salt. When lukewarm add 1 yeast cake dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water. Beat in 1½ cups white flour and 1½ cups graham flour. Mix well and add ½ cup chopped nut meats and ½ cup finely chopped candied orange peel. Put in a greased bowl, cover and let stand in a warm place until double in bulk. Cut down with a knife and fill greased baking powder cans about ⅔ full. Be sure that the lid is greased. Cover and let rise until double its bulk. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 425 degrees F., for 15 minutes. Reduce heat and bake at about 375 degrees F. for 15 or 25 minutes longer. Remove from baking powder cans.

### Vegetable and Cheese Soup.

COOK 2 tablespoons chopped carrot, 1 tablespoon minced onion and 1 blade of mace in 1 tablespoon butter. Add 2 cups chicken or veal stock and blend well. Simmer gently about 15 minutes. Strain and add 1 cup milk that has been scalded over hot water. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add hot milk mixture and stir until creamy and smooth. Season with a few grains paprika and 1½ teaspoons salt. Just before serving add ¼ cup grated cheese and let stand over hot water until cheese is melted.

### Cocka Leekie (Old Scotch).

WASH and trim 1 dozen leeks, cut in small pieces, discarding roots and tops. Fry in 2 tablespoons butter with 2 tablespoons minced carrot and 2 or 3 tablespoons minced celery. When soft but not very brown add 1½ quarts well seasoned chicken broth and 1 cup of diced cooked chicken. Simmer, covered, for 2 or 2½ hours. Add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Thicken with 1 or 2 egg yolks, blended with a little of the hot soup mixture. Stir until egg is cooked. Serve immediately.

### Petite Marmite (Old French).

HAVE ready as many old-fashioned marmites (small earthenware soup dishes) as you will need for serving. If you cannot get the marmites use an old New England bean pot. The soup is served at the table in the marmitte or bean pot. In a large soup kettle place 6 pounds of diced beef and the shin bone, 1 old chicken, large carrots, 2 turnips and 2 leeks. Add 4 quarts water, 2 or 3 cloves, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, a little parsley and marjoram, if desired, and pepper to taste. Bring slowly to boiling point, remove scum, cover closely and simmer gently 8 hours or overnight. Remove fat (which can be clarified and used for braising). Season to taste with salt and strain. Let stand overnight. To 1 quart of this broth, heated in the bean pot, add 1 cup sliced turnips, carrots or string beans, thinly sliced and cooked until tender. Add 4 slices of toasted bread or rolls. The meat and chicken can be used later in meat stews, meat pies, croquettes, etc.

### Tomato Soup Cake.

CREAM ½ cup shortening and add 1 cup sugar gradually. Add 1¼ cups canned tomato soup (to which you have added ¾ teaspoon soda) alternately with 2 cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon cloves. Stir until smooth, then fold in 1 cup chopped dates and 1 cup broken nut meats dredged with 2 tablespoons cake flour. Pour into a greased and floured shallow loaf pan about 8" by 13" and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees F. When cool cover with cheese frosting.

### Cheese Frosting.

CREAM 1 package of cream cheese with 1¼ cups sifted powdered sugar. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until smooth.

### Ham Loaf.

MIX ½ cup minute tapioca, 1 pound ground lean ham, 1 pound ground lean pork, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika and 2 cups milk. Turn into a loaf pan. Bake in hot oven, or at about 450 degrees F., for 20 minutes. Then decrease heat and cook in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees F., and bake 45 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold.

### Potato Soup.

COOK 3 potatoes in boiling salted water until soft. Drain. Scald 1 pint milk and 1 thin slice onion in top of double boiler. Beat potatoes until fluffy. Add the scalded strained milk and return to double boiler. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon celery salt. Blend well and add the milk and potato mixture. Cook about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. If desired add 2 teaspoons minced parsley just before serving.

IT'S richly blended with milk, butter and Lea & Perrins Sauce—this crisply browned corned beef hash! The perfect piece de resistance for a stag supper, or any supper with men guests. Its superb seasoning wins plaudits at Sunday night buffets, midnight snacks! This chef's recipe and many other seasoning secrets have been gathered into a truly glorious collection of savory dishes—yours for the asking.

FREE—Send for 48-page recipe book. Just the things for Sunday suppers, bridge parties, husbands—140 tempting dishes, each seasoned to an epicure's taste.

**LEA & PERRINS**
*Sauce* THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.
Dept. R-7, 241 West St., New York
Send me *free* your recipe book, "Success in Seasoning".
*Name*.....
*Street*.....
*City*.....*State*.....



*New!*

**QUICK EASY WAY**
*to* **VARNISH LINOLEUM**

DU PONT **LINKOTA**
*and the*
**VARNISH SPREADER**

**Refinish your floors with amazing new LINKOTA Varnish Spreader. Almost as easy as mopping. Just pour a little LINKOTA on the floor, then smooth it out with Spreader**

No stooping down ... no aching muscles ... no long, tedious, messy brushing. The job's done before you know it! The Spreader not only does the work faster but gives a better, smoother finish.

LINKOTA is a clear finish made by du Pont especially for linoleum. Water cannot spot it; grease cannot stain it. It makes worn, scuffed linoleum look like new—overnight. And easier to keep spotless and sanitary; a light mopping every now and then is all it needs. For LINKOTA *seals out* dirt and puts an end to tiresome scrubbing ... Note our money-saving introductory offer below. Bring in the coupon today and have a linoleum floor as good as new tomorrow! E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Wilmington, Delaware.

**THIS COUPON IS WORTH 32c!**

*Cut it out and present it at any hardware, paint, lumber, or department store that handles LINKOTA, and get*

**QUART LINKOTA PLUS SPREADER** ($1.65 value) **$1.33**

**PINT LINKOTA PLUS SPREADER** ($1.29 value) **97c**

**NOT A WAX—A LUSTROUS, LONG-WEARING VARNISH**


Copyright by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

**BAB-O**

**brings instant sparkle to Tubs, Tiles and Sinks**

You can brighten your bathroom easier and quicker with BAB-O... and for less cost. For BAB-O not only works *fast*...but goes *farther*. Try BAB-O and see how swiftly it brings new life and lustre to enamel and porcelain...how magically it performs all over the house...how kind it is to your hands. Order BAB-O from your dealer today!

B. T. BABBITT, INC., New York
ESTABLISHED 1856

TRY the new Babbitt product WET-ME-WET, the magic powder in a pad. Makes windows, silverware, auto windshields and scores of household things clear and spotless in a jiffy. Ask for WET-ME-WET at your dealer. Only 10 cents. WET-ME-WET is also on sale at thousands of Gas Stations along the highways.



**Protects!**

Renders a "weather-proof" complexion of entrancing beauty that neither sun, wind nor water can destroy. Enjoy the outdoors without fear of sunburn, tan or roughened skin.

**ORIENTAL CREAM**
*Gouraud*
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan



READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

**FREE! 20 McMURDO SILVER WORLD WIDE RADIOS**
IN IDEAL MARRIAGE CONTEST

**Official Radio Byrd Antarctic Expedition.** Two 12-tube sets given every week until Nov. 10. Be sure to get an Entry Blank at any store which sells

**Pro-phy-lac-tic PERMA-GRIP Tooth Brush**
(U. S. Pat. No. 1672681)


# Suggestions for September Shopping

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

THE end of September is the last call for getting the kitchen, the pantry, and the general furnishings closets all in the pink of perfection and order for the approaching Fall housekeeping season.

The same appliances and gadgets are not needed by every family anymore than the same clothing outfit and accessories are adapted to every person. A house and a kitchen, a family and its members, has its own particular individuality and hence its own special requirements.

And efficiency means neither many tools nor complicated and expensive mechanisms. In its simplest terms efficiency as applied to house furnishings means the right tool for the required purpose. It is up to the home manager to select just the best device or item which will make the doing of her job smoother, more pleasurable, or more economical.

Here is a harvest basket of novelties and new fixtures for both outdoors and within. All have been tested practically. Choose whatever one is the right tool for your family's particular needs.

Those who are garden-minded, or who have lawns and outside premises to keep in order, will be interested in this heavy duty wheelbarrow burner. It is a small barrow made of strong wire mesh, fitted with bicycle wheels which leave no marks as it is pushed over the lawn. Underneath is a hanging pan to catch ashes or burning sparks. You wheel it wherever you please, heap it with leaves, trash or branches and burn the waste up right on the spot.

A canvas leaf-gatherer is another useful item in the Fall. It consists of a 6-foot square of heavy canvas fitted with a stout loop at each corner. Lay the canvas on the ground and rake the leaves up onto it. Then grasp it by all four loops, just as one does a wash bundle and carry it off easily to the bonfire spot.

Outside surfaces of windows, especially on the lower floor and in the garage, may be washed in record time by the use of an improved rubber squeegee. This outfit comprises a rubber-tipped blade, a rubber sponge with attached water reservoir, and a long handle. You run the rubber sponge over the pane of glass, then swosh down with the rubber-tipped blade—and presto—every window is clean and smiling to give the house a new deal.

Getting the silver service and flatware ready for its duty in Winter festivities means that silver should be as bright and shining as possible all the time. The hostess will appreciate the value of a convenient non-tarnish silver chest for flatware. Once the pieces are cleaned, this chest will keep them so. That is because its flannel lining is impregnated with a chemical that neutralizes the sulphur in the air which causes what we call tarnish.

An assortment of special cleaning cloths for metalware is another aid to lessen the labor of keeping metal pieces gay and sparkling. These cloths are magic maids to polish brass, copper, or the newer surfaces of chromium and nickel. No polish or paste is required with them, for each is saturated with a special cleansing chemical to do its respective job. The cloths come adapted to clean silver, jewelry, brass, pewter, etc.

A cleanser which cleans leather is interesting because of all surfaces, leather is perhaps the most trying to keep soft and in its natural state of rich oily texture. This liquid saves the leather surface and is excellent applied in a few drops on a soft cloth to be used on leather seats, cushions, etc., keeping leather pliable and preventing cracking.

Keeping clothing clean, spotproof and well pressed, is half the battle for success in always looking one's best. Dry cleaners' bills can be lessened by the use of a novel cleaner machine, much in appearance like a baby size washing machine, or oldtime churn.

It turns with a crank handle; once you have filled it with a special dry-cleaning solution and dropped in your soiled blouse, sweater or other article, you merely rotate the handle for a few minutes, and out come the pieces, clean and ready to be pressed and worn again. There is no danger of inflammability and no odor from the fluid clings to the clothes. In a family where there are several girls, especially, this novel churn-cleaner will soon pay for itself.

There is still one more new type of electric iron—one which has a thermostat or indicator which can be regulated for different types of textiles. Thus, for smoothing a soft silk blouse, the iron may be set at one heat, while for pressing a heavy tweed skirt it may be set for a hotter point. No danger, therefore, of scorching or making any mistake as to how hot the iron is.

Every person who irons knows, too, the inconvenience of the dangling cord around the iron during quick work. While there have been several small gadgets designed to keep the cord out of the way, this latest model deserves a fair trial from the housewife. It is an upright but flexible post or short shaft having a clamp at its lower end, and a notch in its top.

This permits the post to be slipped (and held) into the notch. As one irons, the flexible post bends and allows the cord to be used with just enough slack to make the work comfortable, but does not permit any extra cord to get in the way. It may be used on any size or thickness of board.

# Appetizing Menus for the Week

*By Mary Lee Swann*

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Fruit. | Fruit. | Fruit. | Fruit. | Fruit. | Fruit. | Fruit. |
| Hot Cereal. | Cereal. | Cereal. | Hot Cereal. | Hot Cereal. | Cereal. | Hot Cereal. |
| Cereal. | Poached Eggs. | Rolled Omelet. | Creamed Dried Beef. | Scrambled Eggs. | Broiled Bacon. | Small Sausage Balls. |
| Plain Omelet. | Muffins. | Bacon. | Toast. | Muffins. | French Toast. | Griddle Cakes. |
| Graham Muffins. | Coffee. | Toast. | Coffee. | Coffee. | Jam. | Toast. |
| Marmalade. | *Luncheon* | Coffee. | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | Coffee. | Coffee. |
| Coffee. | White Fish with Shrimp Sauce. | *Luncheon* | Baked Beans with Onion and Mustard. | Emergency Soup (Left-Overs). | *Luncheon* | *Dinner* |
| *Luncheon* | Mashed Potatoes. | Hot Tomato Juice or Soup. | Raisin Brown Bread. | Macaroni and Cheese Pudding or Surprise Potatoes. | Sauerkraut Juice or Tomato Soup. | Smothered Chicken. |
| Spaghetti Italienne. | Spinach. | Sliced German Sausage or Cold Left-Over Meat. | Sauerkraut. | Prune Salad. | Nut or Cheese and Bean Loaf. | Steamed Rice. |
| Lettuce Salad. | Chocolate Cup Cakes with Marshmallow Mint Sauce. | Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad. | Apple Whip. | French Dressing. | Cream Sauce. | Egg Gravy. |
| Chives Dressing. | Stewed Fruit. | Sour Milk Biscuits. | Peanut Cookies. | Doughnuts. | Barbecued Side Bacon. | Candied Sweet Potatoes. |
| Norwegian Prune Pudding. | Tea. | Stewed Fruit. | *Dinner* | Tea. | Muffins. | Cauliflower Fritters. |
| Tea. | *Dinner* | Tea. | Boned Chuck of Beef. | *Dinner* | Carrot Jam. | Plain or Frozen |
| *Dinner* | Beef Casserole (Trimmings from Wednesday's Roast) with Potatoes. Peas. Celery and Carrots. Favorite Salad. Buttercotch Bread Pudding. | *Dinner* | Brown Gravy. Horseradish Sauce. Roasted Potatoes (In Pan with Meat). Creamed Parsnips. Lettuce Salad with Mexican French Dressing. Fruit Tapioca. | Baked Fish. Philadelphia Relish. Steamed Potatoes. Green Peas. Pineapple Blancmange with Pineapple Sauce. | Fruit. Tea. *Dinner* Pork Spare Ribs. Sweet Potatoes Cooked with Apples. Grated Raw Carrot. Raisin and Cabbage Salad. Cooked. Dressing. Blackberry Roll. Foamy Sauce. | Vegetable Salad. Coffee Tapioca Pudding. Whipped Cream. Coffee. *Supper* Toasted Sandwiches (Emergency or Left-Overs). Bananas Chocolate Cake. Hot Fruit Punch. |
| Liver Soup (Polish Style). Fricasee of Lamb on Toast. Riced Potatoes. Steamed Chicory with Lemon Butter. Tomato Salad. Fruit Trifle. Peanut Macaroons. | | | | Veal. Noodles or Browned Potatoes. Green Bouquet Salad. California Dressing. Grape Pie. | | |

# American Weekly Patterns

**Pattern 3109**—A CLEVER SMOCK WITH REVERS THAT MAY BE MADE SEVERAL DIFFERENT WAYS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

**Pattern 3112**—CHILD'S PAJAMAS OPENING IN THE BACK—VERY COMFORTABLE AND WELL CUT. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3110**—A FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS—SMART AS TO NECKLINE, SLEEVES AND WAIST TREATMENT. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅜ yard 4-inch ribbon.

**Pattern 3111**—AN AFTERNOON FROCK WITH A THREE-TIERED JABOT—CHARMING FOR BLACK SATIN. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and 1⅓ yards contrasting.

**Pattern 3020**—A STUNNING AFTERNOON FROCK WITH SLENDERIZING POINTS IN SKIRT AND BODICE. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3005**—A WELL-CUT SKIRT AND A BLOUSE WITH SHOULDER RUFFLES AND VERY SMART SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch skirt fabric and 1⅞ yards contrasting.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

*Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to*

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Follow this new and improved series of patterns in The American Weekly each week. They are modern patterns for the modern woman. Cleverly styled by an eminent fashion authority, they are as simple to make as they are smart. A large, diagrammed sewing guide with each pattern and speedy delivery are additional advantages of this new service. PLEASE NOTE CAREFULLY THE ADDRESS TO WHICH ORDERS SHOULD BE SENT.


YOU'LL GO FOR THESE TWO FABRICS!

They're NEW
they're SMART
they're RIGHT

*Crepe Calais*

A French crepe, soft as a rose petal, but very durable; *will not slip or pull;* 39" wide

Here are fabrics such as you have dreamed of. You'll love them . . . Pure rayons with designs that capture the chic of Paris itself. Rich dulled-surface finish. Colors incredibly smart and flattering . . . See them now at the stores. You'll be simply amazed at the wonderful *values!* The prices are most temptingly low.

And what variety! Stripes and plaids . . . checks and dots . . . splashy florals and tweed effects . . . monotones or multi-colors for dresses, blouses and scarfs.

Dark background colors, all very rich, to harmonize with your winter coat—that's the new note in fashion.

*Marcelyn Crepe*

The Canton weave that has leaped into the fashion limelight in Paris and will be the very darling of fashion this fall; 39" wide

**FREE** samples of both these fabrics, and name of nearest store, will be sent if you mail this coupon (in an envelope or pasted on a post card) to PACIFIC MILLS, Dept. 17, 214 Church Street, New York.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



*The MAGIC Sauce*

THE modern housewife relies upon different ways of serving food to give "first aid" to meals and to avoid monotony.

With fresh ten-minute cranberry sauce on hand many a meal that at the last moment seems sadly lacking in piquancy, color and flavor can be saved by using cranberry sauce—in salads, ice box cakes, omelets, shortcake, tarts, pies, etc.

All meats taste better when cranberry sauce is served.

**TEN-MINUTE CRANBERRY SAUCE**
(Stewed Cranberries)

1 pound or more (4 cups) cranberries, 2 cups water, 1¼ to 2 cups sugar.

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes; add cranberries and boil without stirring (5 minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins pop open. Remove from the fire when the popping stops, and allow the sauce to remain in vessel undisturbed until cold.

**For a Thinner Sauce**

Just bring water and sugar to a boil—then add berries and let them cook until they stop popping.

Send for Recipe book of 44 Ways to Serve Eatmor Cranberries. Address AMERICAN CRANBERRY EXCHANGE, 90 W. Broadway, New York.

Quality Graded and Trade Marked

**Eatmor Cranberries**


HAVE you ever thought of keeping a scrap-book of the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and other unusual articles and illustrations published regularly in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY? Start one with features contained in this issue that interest you!


© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.